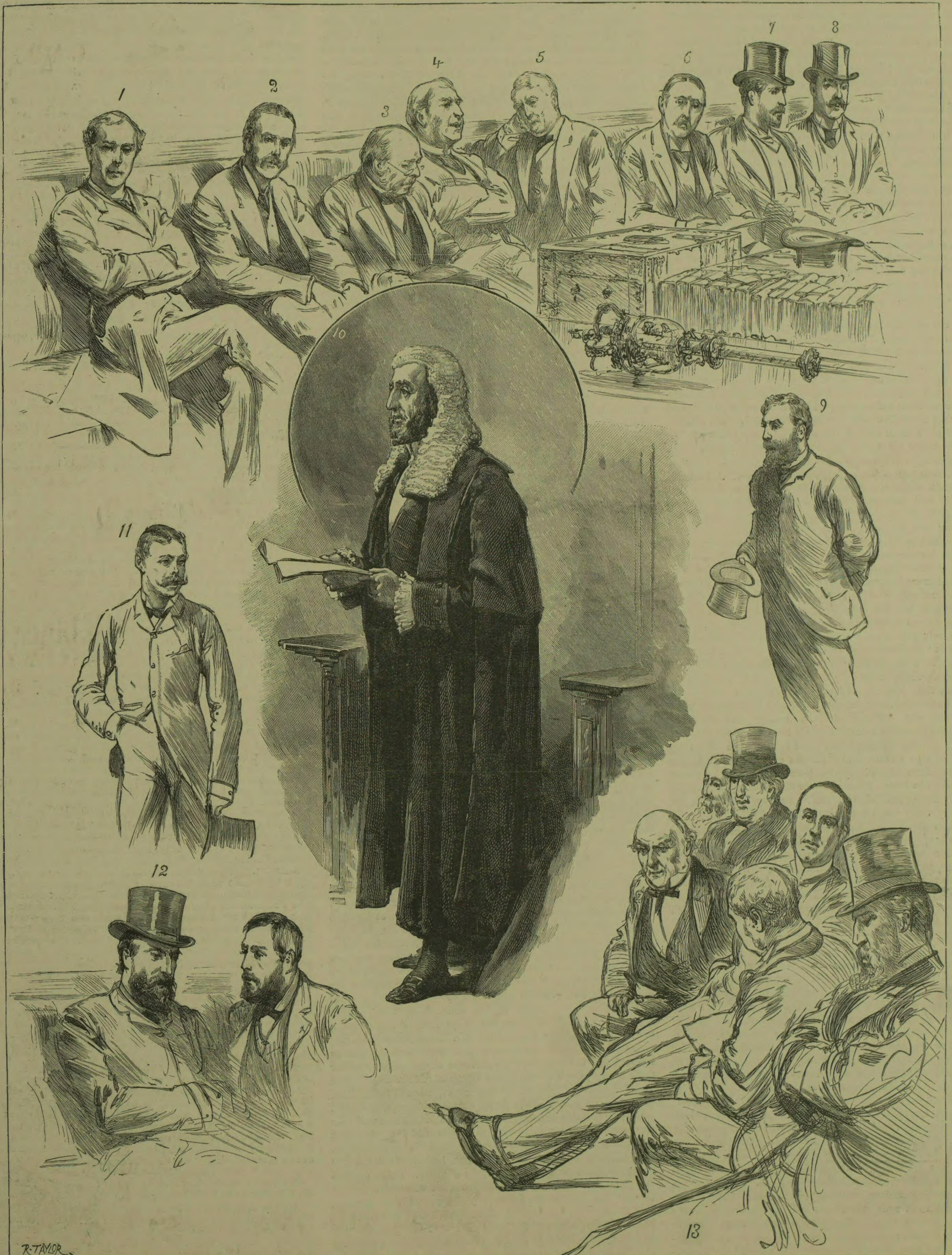


THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1888.

TWO SIXPENCE.
WHOLE SHEETS) By Post, 6d.



1. Mr. Matthews.—2. Mr. Balfour.—3. Mr. W. H. Smith.—4. Mr. Goschen.—5. Lord J. Manners.—6. Mr. E. Stanhope.—7. Lord G. Hamilton.—8. Mr. Ritchie.—9. Sir M. Hicks Beach receiving a tribute of cheers.
10. The Speaker reading letters as to the imprisonment of Irish members.—11. Lord R. Churchill's State Entry.—12. Mr. Parnell consulted by Mr. Dillon.—13. Mr. Gladstone holds counsel with Sir C. Russell.

SKETCHES AT THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The question of after how long an interval an article left at one's house, without explanation, may be considered a gift, has been lately exercising the judicial mind, and has been at last, I am glad to say, decided in favour of the recipient. It is monstrous that people should leave nice things at one's hall-door without saying anything about them—which one naturally puts down to the delicacy of their minds—and then want them back, or expect to be paid for them. *Caveat emptor*, says the proverb; let the man that orders things see that he gives his own address and not mine; and, on the other hand, if the tradesman is in fault let him suffer for it. Don't punish *me* merely because I have had the things and, perhaps, enjoyed them. Is it not enough that I have suffered in my tenderest feelings from believing some dear friend or another has sent me a present, when he hasn't, without worrying me with the disgusting details of a pecuniary account? If an anonymous turkey comes to me at Christmas, am I to keep it till Easter, for fear there should be some mistake in its direction? I confess I prefer to know who is so good as to send me presents, but I had much rather not know than not have them. There are, I fear, unscrupulous persons who like to have a doubt about the quarter from which the good wind blows. They write to all their acquaintances they think capable of such a benevolence, "with many apologies if it is not so, but they really know no other human being who it *can* be, and it *is* so like them," and thereby one gift often makes many. There is one anonymous present, by-the-by, which is simply detestable, and that is a newspaper, generally of enormous size, which somebody sends us because, as it turns out, "he knows there is something in it which will interest us greatly," but forgets to mark the place. We spend hours over the hateful sheet in vain; and a week afterwards learn from him that it contained some paragraph about himself. That is a gift which is a mistake indeed, and *ought* to be returned to the original proprietor in a closed cover—with a brickbat inside it—unpaid.

The old question has turned up again, in circles so-called "charitable," about the sinfulness or innocence of bazaars. Some argue that out of that whirlpool of dissipation and excess no good thing can come, and that even the money thrown up by it for the relief of the widow and the orphan is polluted and ought not to be touched. Poor people's opinion is, of course, of no value to anybody; or else one would like to know what the widow and the orphan themselves have to say about this. I'm an orphan myself, and have my views. The last deliverance upon this matter affirms that charity is no longer charity when it is mingled with amusement. "One of the saddest aspects of these exhibitions," it says, "is, perhaps, when little children are brought on the scene, frequently in varied and fantastic costumes, with the object of importuning their elders to purchase. They lose their early bloom by contact with such scenes as these." To see little children in fancy dresses begging with natural eloquence for money for the poor, does not seem to me, I confess, either a sad or a demoralising spectacle; but the rather important point, that money is procured by this means, for good purposes which cannot otherwise be procured, is absolutely ignored by these amiable but too cock-sure persons. A colonial bishop whom they have annexed to their cause goes so far as to affirm that the only proper method of getting money for charitable purposes is "the exercise of self-renunciation." But the point again is, who will open their purse-strings for *that* exhibition? Is a charitable institution only to be supported by persons who entertain the loftiest ideals? In that case (since the idealist has very seldom money to spare) they would be in a very bad way. If one was not dealing with obviously well-meaning persons, it might fairly be pointed out that the advocates of this narrow creed seem much more taken up with their own virtues, and with the effect of bazaars upon themselves, than with the good objects these institutions have (admittedly) in view. If the widow and the orphan are not helped by these good folks in their own way, it almost seems that they would not have them helped at all. Personally, rather than offend these tender consciences (and also for other reasons) I am quite prepared to withstand the temptation of bazaars for the rest of my natural life; but I think some protest ought to be entered against those who, in a world of sin and sorrow, select an almost blameless custom which has well-doing for its *raison d'être*, and which, without doubt, does bring help to the poor, not otherwise obtainable, for such vehement animadversion.

Although one of the worst specimens of the foul post-card writer that has yet been known was the other day nailed to the barn-door of public opinion, it is evident that that particular class of vermin is growing rare. The law has been swift and sure with them, and given them their deserts, except the whipping. At first it seemed that the great public convenience of post-cards would have been positively counter-balanced by the opportunity it gave to the nameless slanderer; but now he must go back to his anonymous letters, or to the cutting his extracts from some leprous newspaper, and forwarding them to his supposed victim. I say "supposed," for few people of sense are put out by this method of annoyance; but it is quite extraordinary how persons in public positions, not excepting the very highest in the land, are subjected to it. It is unintelligible to the ordinary mind what satisfaction creatures, however debased, can derive from such conduct; but no man who has distinguished himself in any walk of life is, probably, unacquainted with them. Literature has plenty of such parasites. A popular author once told me that he received some such communication, on an average, every week. In his case it generally took the form of some offensive extract from a newspaper, about himself or his works, with occasionally some remark at the side, such as is found in circulating library books at the seaside, "How true!" or "A true bill." In one instance he had the curiosity to discover the offender

(which he did by the handwriting), and found it to be a poor creature, "bankrupt in purse, and in character worse," who had been expelled from some society to which the author had belonged, for obtaining money under false pretences: what seemed curious, he himself had had nothing to do with his expulsion whatever; the virulence of the man seemed to be simply evoked by the other's fortunate position. "Wrath is cruel, and anger is outrageous, but who is able to stand before envy?"—it was the mere barking of a mangy cur at the heels of success. If it was not for the fear of catching his mange, one would like to watch one of these creatures at his work: surely the strangest study (in morbid anatomy) that is presented by human nature! It must be dreadful, indeed, for a public man to have anything of the dandy about him, which makes him shrink from the splash of the gutter.

A lady lion-tamer has come to grief through the dilatoriness of a photographer. Her ambition was to be taken in her celebrated performance of putting her head into the lion's mouth. Unlike most of her sex, she cared nothing for her personal appearance in the picture; she literally "effaced herself" to give greater prominence to the King of Beasts, who, unhappily, could not be brought to understand the self-sacrifice she was making for him. Not a shadow of blame seems to attach to his conduct. He behaved, in fact, just as a man does when *he* is being photographed. He yawned—which the lady took advantage of—was bored to extremity by the delay of the operator, and, at the flash of the magnesium light, arranged his mouth for a smile. When the closure took place, he was probably not even conscious of any obstruction. I cannot see the slightest reason for the public indignation against that lion.

But one wild animal, it seems, may steal a sheep while another must not look over a wall. The bull, a court of justice has just decided, is not "fierce by nature," and "to leave such creatures loose," said the Judge, cannot be "negligence." I so far agree with him that I should call it by a much stronger name. I should like to see that Judge—in his robes—passing through a field in the occupation of a bull I know. Ornaments of the Bench complain of the sedentary nature of their duties, but for that day, at all events, his Lordship would, I think, have exercise enough. The case arose through a gentleman who had a meadow on the river bank placing a bull in it for the discouragement of anglers. A disciple of Izaak Walton was chased and caught and trampled upon by this animal, but not gored. The compliments that were paid it for this very moderate forbearance were, to my mind, simply fulsome. If the poor man had worn a red handkerchief that bull would have left the court without a stain on its character; it is quite surprising to me that counsel did not suggest that the animal was colour-blind, and for his unnatural clemency deserved a medal from the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to—mankind. I hate bulls.

St. Lubbock—who has long been canonised in the City—is earning a niche for himself in a far wider cathedral, the National Gratitude. In the late congress of the Early Closing Association he has showed us how tens of thousands of our fellow-countrymen (and, alas! fellow-countrywomen) pass six days out of seven in sheer slavery—and also the way to free them. The hours of shop assistants, he tells us, range in many places as high as from eighty-four to eighty-five hours a week, and that in an atmosphere generally injurious to health and often ruinous to it. Fourteen hours out of every twenty-four passed in uninteresting and hurtful toil! Think of it, think of it, indolent man! You, who "don't know what to do with yourself" when you wake at morn, or how you shall "get through" your day! Ten hours only left to these poor wretches for sleep, and such things as are supposed to make life worth living—love, friendship, culture, pleasure! If they pass their Sundays in prayer to be taken out of such a world, it would be no wonder. And now, when a mode is suggested of ameliorating their miserable lot—much better, Sir John, than recommending us a hundred of the best books is this procuring us the time to read a few of them—some political economical individual (with a grim humour hitherto quite undeveloped in that class) objects that any such remedy would "interfere with personal liberty." "Oh, Liberty, what things are done in thy name!"—and also, as it would seem, are not to be done.

In Mr. Montague Williams's Police-Court the other day a circumstance happened which shows how the romances of real life, however strange, repeat themselves. A man was brought before him for theft, whose identity was sworn to very positively; but the Magistrate's eye was attracted by a spectator in the court so like the prisoner that he seemed his actual double; and, confident that the witness could never have discriminated between the two men, he dismissed the case. It is just possible that the spectator, who was the prisoner's brother, came to the court with that end in view. A more romantic case, but of precisely the same kind, occurred many years ago, before Mr. Baron Garrow on the Oxford Circuit. He was summing-up on a charge of highway robbery, and the jury were about to be dismissed to consider their verdict, when a tumult, and shouts of "Make way!" were heard outside the Court. A horseman, covered with dust, rushed in and entreated the Judge to "stop the case, as he had ridden fifty miles to save the life of an innocent man." He was attired exactly as the prisoner was, and had the most extraordinary resemblance to him. He turned to the prosecutor, and, bidding him look at *him*, inquired whether he was *now* prepared to swear to the prisoner's identity. (This, by-the-way, I have no doubt was the incident that Dickens makes use of in "The Tale of Two Cities.") The prosecutor faltered, and the Court proceeded to interrogate the new-comer. He only repeated, however, the statement that the prisoner was innocent, and declined to answer questions, on the ground that he was not bound to criminate himself. The prosecutor withdrew his statement, and the prisoner was acquitted. Then the other man (which seems strange enough) was taken into

custody, and tried for the same offence by a new jury. But the prosecutor was still in doubt, and the second prisoner was also acquitted. The two men, it afterwards turned out, were brothers, and the whole scene was got up to get the first man off.

A still more remarkable imposition, practised by a spectator, was afterwards successfully carried out at York Assizes. Another highwayman, although in the garb of a labourer, was put upon his trial, during which there entered the court a well-dressed gentleman, and was accommodated by the High Sheriff with a seat upon the Bench. He was a stranger, and, had arrived the day before at the principal hotel. He had much luggage, and fared sumptuously; and, on asking the landlord what excitement could be got at York, was recommended to try the Assizes. He seemed to take, however, but a languid interest in what was going on. The evidence for the prosecution was finished, and the prisoner called upon for his defence. "I am innocent," he said; and, suddenly catching sight of the stranger, added, "and there, *there* is a gentleman, my Lord, who can prove it." The stranger said he knew nothing about the matter; but the prisoner, in a most impassioned way, intreated him to call to mind where he had been, and what he had been doing, on the day of the robbery. "You were at Dover, Sir, and lodged at the Ship Inn; and I was the man who carried your trunk from the inn to the steamer." "I *was* at Dover, and I did have my trunk taken by a porter," was the cold reply; "but I don't remember *you*!" The prisoner, however, asked him a good many questions, some of which were to his advantage and others not; and, at last, said the stranger: "If his Lordship will permit I will send to the hotel, where, in my luggage, will be found a diary, in which it is my custom to put down all these little matters." The Court waited, in much excitement, till the diary came, which amply corroborated the prisoner's statement, who was thereupon acquitted. The Judge observed that the stranger's coming was a most providential circumstance, and complimented him upon the service he had rendered to humanity. And within a fortnight afterwards prisoner and spectator—who turned out to be very old "pals"—found themselves in York Castle for housebreaking, and were hung on the same gallows.

THE COURT.

Friday, Feb. 10, was the anniversary of her Majesty's marriage. In the morning the Queen went out, accompanied by Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein. General the Right Hon. Sir Henry and the Hon. Lady Ponsonby and the Hon. Lady Biddulph had the honour of dining with her Majesty and the Royal family. Next day the Queen, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, paid a visit to the Royal National Hospital for Consumption at Ventnor and inspected the wards and the Prince Leopold Memorial, returning afterwards to Osborne. Her Majesty was received with thoroughly loyal enthusiasm at Ventnor, both in going and returning. The Queen, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, and the members of the Royal household attended Divine service at Osborne on Sunday morning, Feb. 12. The Rev. Canon Prothero, M.A., officiated and administered the Sacrament of the Holy Communion. The Prince of Leiningen visited her Majesty and remained to luncheon. On Feb. 13 the Queen, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, honoured Canon and Mrs. Prothero with a visit at the Rectory at Whippingham. The Rev. Canon and Mrs. Prothero and Commander Poore (her Majesty's yacht Victoria and Albert) had the honour of dining with her Majesty and the Royal family. The Rev. R. W. Burnaby, Vicar of East Cowes, and Mrs. Burnaby were presented to her Majesty in the evening.

The Prince of Wales paid a visit on Thursday, Feb. 9, to Lord Randolph Churchill, at his residence, Connaught-place, Hyde Park. His Royal Highness was present at the debate in the House of Lords in the evening. The Prince of Wales, the Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, Prince Leiningen, Princess Victoria of Hohenlohe, Lord Grey de Wilton, the Hon. Mrs. Carrington, Colonel the Hon. Paul Methuen, Countess Gleichen, and a large and fashionable company honoured the officers of the Brigade of Guards with their presence at the burlesque performance of "Dr. Faust and Miss Marguerite" at Chelsea Barracks Theatre. On the arrival of the Prince of Wales the full band of the Grenadiers played the National Anthem. His Royal Highness and a distinguished company were afterwards entertained at supper by the officers of the brigade. On Friday evening, Feb. 10, the Prince, attended by Colonel Clarke, left Marlborough House for Paris, en route for San Remo. The Prince arrived in Paris next day, and exchanged calls with President Carnot. On Monday he left Paris for Cannes, arriving there on Tuesday afternoon, Feb. 4.—The Princess, with her three daughters, remains at Sandringham, and has taken drives in the grounds and neighbourhood. Their Royal Highnesses, attended by the ladies and gentlemen of the household, were present at Divine service on Sunday morning, Feb. 12. The Rev. Henry Smith officiated and preached.—Prince Albert Victor has been the guest for a few days of the Dowager Marchioness of Londonderry at Newton House, Bedale, Yorkshire.

Preparations for the celebration of the silver wedding of the Prince and Princess of Wales are being made at Windsor. At a meeting held on Feb. 14 at the Townhall, presided over by the Mayor, it was decided to celebrate the event by holding a banquet on March 10. There will be a ball given by the Mayor on March 9, and at the castle the Queen will give a State banquet. The Royal borough will be decorated and illuminated.

Princess Christian addressed a general meeting of the British Nurses' Association, held in St. George's Hall on Feb. 13, and said the first object of the association was to obtain for the calling of nursing the recognised position and legal constitution of a profession, and the importance to the general public of a guarantee of their proper education could not be overestimated.

Bishop Ilsley has been appointed to succeed the Venerable Dr. Ullathorne as Roman Catholic Bishop of Birmingham.

On the recommendation of the Lord Chancellor the Queen has approved of the appointment of the following gentlemen to the rank of Queen's Counsel:—George Deedes Warry, Montagu Stephen Williams, Richard Harris, David Nasmith, Arthur Ruscombe Poole, William Phipson Beale, Edmund Widdington Byrne, Francis Henry Jeune, Edward James Castle, Thomas Milvain, Samuel Hall, Ralph Neville, Henry Winch, John Gerrell Barne.

THE EMIN PASHA RELIEF EXPEDITION, UP THE CONGO AND ARUWIMI.

My third batch of brief notes and numerous pictures from the Emin Bey Expedition brings us up to the middle of August, and leaves at the Free State station of Bangala. As my correspondent, Mr. Herbert Ward, has always fixed next May as the finishing date of the expedition, August is rather a remote date, though it is the latest to which we get anything like details of movements by mail. Since my last article on this subject, the public has from time to time been startled with news too good to be true, and other news too bad to be believed. The report that Dr. Schweinfurth had received intelligence of the fulfilment of Mr. Stanley's Mission, was almost immediately followed by telegrams to the effect that grave fears for his safety existed in the best-informed quarters. In due course, both reports were contradicted. Having regard to the difficulties of the Mission and the distance which news has to travel without the aid of post-offices or telegraphs, there is every ground for the hope that all is well. The most optimist of Mr. Stanley's friends did not think he was going on a holiday expedition, and I know that he did not think so himself; and, while indulging in the brightest hopes as to the result of the patriotic enterprise, it would be folly to disguise from ourselves that the continued absence of news is not unaccompanied with a certain amount of anxiety.

Early in July, Mr. Ward writes from Bolobo Camp:—"During the last few days the long-expected steamer has returned, bringing down news, and for me a very pleasant letter from our friend Mr. Stanley. The news reports the people very savage at the Aruwimi Falls, where the camp is formed; war-canoes, with seventy to one hundred warriors in each, coming out to the steamer, there was a little brush or two, resulting in a few fatalities, the savages getting the worst of the encounters. Stanley started about March 21, with 400 picked men and armed Zanzibaris, to proceed 500 miles (overland, of course) to the north of the Albert Nyanza Lake, there to form a camp; and with his little steel-sectioned boat, the Advance, he will endeavour to descend a branch of the Nile down to Wadelai. In the meantime, we shall reach the Aruwimi Camp about the middle of August, and Tippoo Tib is to meet us, with 500 men. We shall all probably follow—800 of us—in Stanley's route to the Albert Nyanza. I will, however, give you private information, at the latest moment after our arrival at the Falls."

Up to the present, I have received no intimation of the arrival at the Falls. The following are the latest memoranda up to Aug. 15:—

"July 20.—We were picked up and started from Bolobo on the 10th. Two days later we lost a man overboard; on the 15th met with a bad accident by running upon a big snag, knocking two big holes in, and delaying us four days.

"July 24.—Have spent a happy day with Glave; he is well, in good spirits, and is the man for promotion to some good consularship where he could use his knowledge of natives and their ways. There have been some trifling troubles in the command, but they are not worth reporting, only that some of the English officers do not find their work altogether rosy; there are hardships of all kinds of course, and, may be, many dangers ahead. I look homewards wistfully at times, but I am not discouraged; and so far as I am concerned I find Stanley a splendid chief, and I think everybody would be ready to die by his side if necessary—and who knows what may be necessary?"

"July 27.—At Bangala, my old station. There are now eight Belgian officers here to do the work that I did alone. The place is not changed a bit. I have made a little drawing of it and of other subjects (described later).

"Aug. 15.—We left Bangala on July 27, and on our way called at many interesting villages, which I have put down in my journal, but have not time to copy out for you at the present writing. Let it suffice for me to say that the people in some places were friendly, in others hostile; the latter, great thieves, but they did not venture to attack us because of our numbers and guns. I send you by Walker, the engineer (who was ordered up thus far by the chief of the Emin Bey Expedition) this letter, some sketches and a parcel of curios, shield and paddle, &c."

Mr. Walker called on me when I was out, and much to my regret left no address, and I have only this present means of thanking him for enabling me to furnish *The Illustrated London News* with these notes, and to express my sorrow that I have not had an opportunity of making his personal acquaintance. When a gentleman, all the way from Central Africa, calls upon you, brimful of information, it is disappointing to be out. The shield is a fine specimen of the basket-kind of work, for which the natives all along the Congo seem to be distinguished; the paddle is a valuable specimen of superb carving, and graceful in form and shape—a long heavy oar tapering to a point, and at first sight looking like a formidable spear.

The sketches accompanying these brief notes will be found on another page, and it will be interesting to add to the notes which accompany them the following items:—Enormous ant-hills are common on the Congo. The largest, it is thought, are formed during wet seasons, when the lower lands of the district are inundated. The interiors are wonderful examples of skill—"a perfect labyrinth," says Stanley, "cell within cell, room within room, hall within hall—an exhibition of engineering talent and high architectural capacity—a model city cunningly contrived for comfort and safety." The illustrations marked 2 and 3 were drawn chiefly to mark wonderful effects of colour. "The sky," writes Ward, "was grey, the water reflected it, with touches of cobalt and white against banks of solid green foliage, the loveliest fleecy clouds above—something very lovely; you can imagine it on this open space of country and river." The drawing No. 4 is an important village called Yalulina, which was burnt by Deane for the implication of the natives in the attack upon his station in February, 1886. While referring to this Arab massacre, it will be interesting to mention the woman, whose portrait is No. 14 of the Illustrations, of whom Ward in his accompanying text writes: "It was through this woman that Deane's station at Stanley Falls was attacked, with the loss of one European, fourteen Houssas, 100 Arabs, and 2000 natives taken and carried off into slavery, by the very class of slave-dealers and traders against whom Gordon went out to fight, and against whom he held Khartoum at the cost of his own brave life. She is a handsome woman for a native, and in appearance very much resembles an African idol which I received lately from Stanley Pool."

Another illustration which accompanies these notes is "a portrait of the Houssa sergeant-major, one of the four black soldiers who stood by poor Deane during his thirty days starvation in the forests, hunted, wounded, and sick." Mr. Ward always speaks with admiration of the Houssas, who seem to be reliable and devoted. They belong to that portion of the Soudan known as part of the empire of Sokoto. Their own country, says Barth, "is very beautiful," and they are "a lively, spirited, and industrious people." The Aruwimi River is the most important affluent of the Livingstone from the countries east. Mr. Stanley pronounces it to be "the Wellé of Schweinfurth." It is comparatively shallow in parts, and studded with islands. The river is historical in the books of

Mr. Stanley, representing more than one "affair of boats," but also representing equally successful affairs of diplomacy. Bolobo, where the camp was established for some time, before the sailing of the expedition, is in the midst of a thickly-populated district; and in the early days of the station under Stanley there was trouble, commencing with the massacre of two of the garrison; but Mr. Stanley pursued a strictly pacific policy, in spite of fierce native counsels in the opposite direction, and made Bolobo not only a possible station but a peaceful and pleasant one. The camp shown in our drawing is on familiar ground, thus described in Mr. Stanley's latest work:—"Imagine a strip of the left bank of the river, about twelve miles long, a thin line of large umbrageous trees to the water's edge, and a gently sloping background of cleared country rising about thirty feet above the tallest tree. Just about the centre of this strip on the open ground is the station of Bolobo, consisting of a long mat-walled shed, a mud-and-wattle kitchen, a mud-walled magazine, with grass roofs, and about twenty huts, arranged in a square, on the outside of the inner group of buildings. Above and below it, close to the water-side, amid banana and palm groves, are scattered about fifteen villages—seven of these are below the station, eight are above. These form what is called Bolobo, which is a rich district, affording excellent fields for a colony of white agriculturists, who could live here—if they could be supplied with their usual luxuries of tea and coffee, &c.—as well as they could live anywhere in the world. The population of the river front of Bolobo is about ten thousand. The back country is also rich and populous." The second volume of Mr. Stanley's "The Congo" contains some very interesting particulars of the history of Bolobo from a native source. Mr. Ward writes to the effect that the station was pleasant: that the force collected for the expedition excited tremendous interest among the natives; and that officers and men lost not a moment in pushing on the last arrangements prior to the start (reported above), the general opinion being that "they would be at the end of their adventures by 'the merry month of May,' 1888."

JOSEPH HATTON.

(To be continued.)

THE SILENT MEMBER.

When we do agree, our unanimity is wonderful. No one can deny that the calm, judicial spirit with which the debates on the Queen's Speech were conducted on the opening day of the Session proved worthy the best traditions of Parliament. The Lords agreed to the Address, as is their courteous custom, on the very first evening, after even shorter discussion than usual. Indeed, in both Houses flags of truce might have been flying on Thursday, the Ninth of February. The keynote clearly struck by Mr. Gladstone (notably reinvigorated by his trip to Florence) was so moderate that there seemed, on the face of it, no reason why the Commons should not have reverted to their former sensible habit, and have likewise then and there sanctioned their Address to the Throne. But this would have been to reckon without the Parnellite host, who could not forsake the luxury of keeping their rod (or Home-Rule shillelah) in pickle for the exasperatingly cool head of Mr. Arthur Balfour, the resolute Secretary for Ireland, armed, happily, by characteristic sangfroid and remarkable debating capacity against Hibernian attack.

The Prince of Wales, on the eve of his departure for Cannes, was present in the Royal balcony to point out to some illustrious visitors the celebrities of the House of Lords. The Earl of Crawford and Balcarres distinguished himself, in moving the Address, by the ease and facility with which he paraphrased her Majesty's Speech. But the delivery of Lord Armstrong, the seconder, was not at all suggestive of the gun to which his name has been given. Earl Granville's graceful criticism of the Government was in his best vein; especially skilful being his reference to Prince Bismarck's implied demolition of the "Peace with Honour" cry with which the present Prime Minister and the late Lord Beaconsfield returned from the Berlin Conference; and adroit being the noble Earl's rallying of Ministers for blaming the Opposition for political association with the Parnellite Party when the Conservative Leaders themselves in '85 gained power and continued in office through alliance with the same body of Irish members.

Terse and plain-spoken as ever in his resonant reply, the Marquis of Salisbury paid sympathetic tribute to the worth of the late Lord Lyons, and echoed the prevailing sentiment in England when he gave hearty expression to the anxiety with which her Majesty and the country followed the bulletins from San Remo concerning the health of the Crown Prince of Germany. The Prime Minister had the entire House with him when he said, "Our sympathy is with him in his suffering, and our sympathy is also with his distinguished consort, and we feel this the more deeply because of his near connection with our most gracious Sovereign." The noble Marquis might have added that the only parallel to the universal sympathy for the gallant Crown Prince was when, in that memorably gloomy winter, sixteen years ago, our own genial Prince of Wales was prostrated by fever. Obviously, the Premier could not accept as accurate Lord Granville's interpretation of one point of Prince Bismarck's great speech. Like the German Chancellor, he reposed trust in the peaceful assurances of the Emperor of Russia. But the noble Marquis, none the less, let it be understood that England could not be blind to her interests in "South-Eastern Europe." Coming to the eternal Irish Question, Lord Salisbury vindicated the policy of the Government, and complained of the active countenance and support given by colleagues of Earl Granville to the Irish "party of disorder." In fine, his Lordship maintained as stoutly as ever the urgent necessity of upholding the law and preserving order in all parts of the kingdom. And the fact that the Prime Minister retains the solid support of the Liberal Unionist phalanx may well assure him that the Ministerial position is still impregnable.

In the House of Commons, it turned out that there was no occasion for the "whip" which brought together so strong a gathering of Ministerialists shortly after four o'clock on the afternoon of the Ninth. The proceedings could hardly have been quieter, albeit a breeze was expected in more than one quarter. Taut and trim as befitted a Minister but recently returned from a renovating yachting cruise in the Mediterranean, Mr. W. H. Smith modestly entered, red despatch-box in hand, from behind the Speaker's chair, and was welcomed by a cordial round of Conservative cheers, which increased in volume as Mr. Balfour took his seat next the First Lord of the Treasury on the front Ministerial bench. Glancing along the line of Ministers on that first afternoon of the Session, one could plainly discern that power had its anxieties and cares. Whilst Lord Charles Beresford, apparently rejoicing in having shaken himself free from Admiralty "landlubbers," blithely smiled like a schoolboy revelling in holiday hopefulness on the second bench just behind Mr. Long, grave with the responsibility of office looked Lord George Hamilton and Mr. Stanhope, and particularly careworn seemed the face of Mr. Ritchie, who had apparently been consuming much midnight oil in the laudable endeavour to perfect the promised Local Government Bill for England, Scotland, and Wales. It was evidently a tight squeeze for

Sir W. Hart-Dyke, Sir John Gorst, the Attorney-General for Ireland, Mr. Henry Matthews, Mr. Bal'our, Mr. W. H. Smith, Mr. Goschen, Lord John Manners, Mr. Stanhope, Lord George Hamilton, Sir Henry Holland, Mr. Ritchie, Mr. Stuart Wortley, Sir Richard Webster, Mr. Long, Sir Edward Clarke, and one or two other Ministers to accommodate themselves on the Treasury bench. When a burst of hearty Conservative cheers greeted Sir Michael Hicks Beach as he took the third place on the second bench behind Ministers, Mr. Smith was prompt to lean back to shake hands with his late colleague. As Mr. Staveley Hill chanced to be giving notice of a motion when Lord Randolph Churchill made his state entrance up the floor of the House a minute or so later, the noble tourist from Russia received but a faint cheer, which did not discourage him from presently rising from his corner seat immediately behind Sir W. Hart-Dyke to notify his intention of moving for a Royal Commission to inquire into the working of the Metropolitan Board of Works. The pink of fashion, Colonel Hughes-Hallett all this time assiduously studied the orders of the day in his seat next Mr. Staveley Hill.

Mr. Gladstone, flower in button-hole, and full of life and vigour, was received with vociferous cheers from the Irish members and his Liberal supporters as he took his seat between Sir William Harcourt and Mr. John Morley. The veteran statesman with alacrity resumed the reins as Leader of the Opposition. Mr. Gladstone is sketched leaning forward to consult with Sir Charles Russell, probably with reference to his learned friend's motion as to the right of public meeting in Trafalgar-square. The right hon. gentleman has not been in such good voice or such good health for some Sessions past. He exchanged greetings with the Marquis of Hartington, who, loudly welcomed by lusty Conservative cheering, resumed his old corner seat on the front Opposition bench, having next him Mr. Heneage, whilst Sir Henry James had for the time being to find room on the second bench.

The Right Hon. Arthur Wellesley Peel, as the deservedly respected Speaker, had a novel duty to discharge when he read letters from Irish Magistrates announcing the conviction of certain members under the Crimes Act. Mention of the names of Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Cox elicited sympathetic cheers from the Home Rulers; but no further action was then taken in the matter. It was satisfactory to notice that Mr. Peel began the Session in good voice, and with the exemplary firmness and lucidity which characterise him.

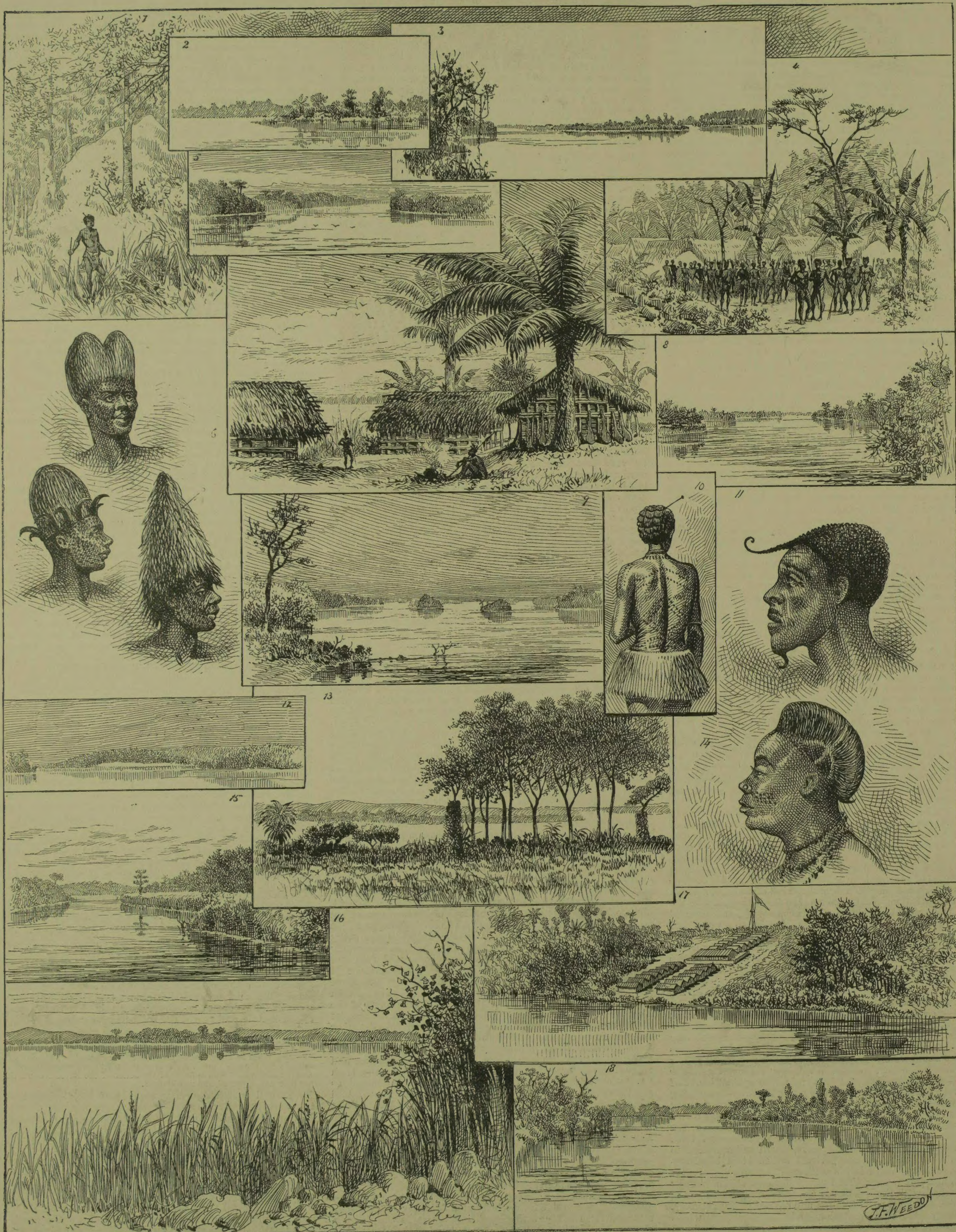
The debate on the Address in the Commons was opened with uncommon earnestness by Mr. J. L. Wharton (radiant in the scarlet tunic of a Deputy Lieutenant) and by Colonel Duncan (brave in his Artillery uniform and war medals). The hon. and gallant officer, indeed, rose to such a height of eloquence in his appeal to the House to do something to make the hard lot of the poor less heavy, and to infuse some little happiness into the lives of the thousands who at present see and feel nothing but misery, that he was cheered by the Opposition, and drew from Mr. Gladstone the compliment that his speech was one of the best he had ever heard in seconding the Address. To sum up the energetic speech of Mr. Gladstone himself in one sentence, it may be said that while he roundly condemned the imprisoning Irish policy of the Government, he approved of the Home legislative programme in the Queen's Speech, and promised support where it could be given. The right hon. gentleman spoke for close upon an hour in a ringing voice, using abundant action, now pointing in reproof at Mr. Balfour, then slapping his left hand with vigour, and anon thumping the box on the table before him to add emphasis to his strictures—altogether a marvellous oratorical achievement for a man in his seventy-ninth year. Sterling common-sense, as usual, distinguished Mr. Smith's rejoinder as Leader of the House; but the dinner-hour kept many members from hearing this able defence of the Government by the Leader of the House.

The pacific tone Mr. Gladstone adopted clearly had no influence on Mr. Balfour, who trenchantly replied on the second evening both to the right hon. gentleman and to Mr. Mundella, and defended, tooth and nail, the action of the Irish Executive in suppressing lawlessness. The dashing earnestness, and, if the expression may be permitted, the "go" of Mr. Balfour are plainly relished by the Conservative rank and file, who loudly cheer the Irish Secretary's lively retorts against Mr. Gladstone—retorts which serious Mr. John Morley gravely rebuked him for, however. Later on, Dr. Hunter emphatically blamed the Government for not promising Scotch legislation. But the Ministry is censure-proof. Mr. Smith still rejoices in a large majority. The arrest of the doughty Mr. Pyne and Mr. Gilhooly in the vicinity of the House on the Tenth of February, and the taking of Mr. P. O'Brien into custody by mistake, afforded Mr. Pictou opportunity on Monday, the Thirteenth, to move that the latter proceeding was a breach of privilege. Albeit Mr. Pictou was supported by Mr. Gladstone, Sir Wm. Harcourt, Mr. John Morley, and Mr. Parnell, the Government law officers, Mr. Smith, and the Home Secretary opposed the motion, and their view was indorsed in the division by a majority of 95 (246 to 151). The same evening, Mr. Parnell (who is sketched as he appeared on the opening night when Mr. Dillon held an earnest consultation with the fair-bearded Home Rule leader) resumed the debate on the Address in his usual quietly effective style, and moved the following amendment:—

Humbly to represent to her Majesty that the portion of the Irish legislation of last Session which was of an ameliorative character has tended to diminish agrarian crime, whereas the repressive legislation of the Session has done much to alienate the sympathy and respect of her Majesty's Irish subjects for the law; and that the administration of the Criminal Law Amendment Act, as well as much of the action of the Executive in Ireland, has been harsh, partial, and mischievous.

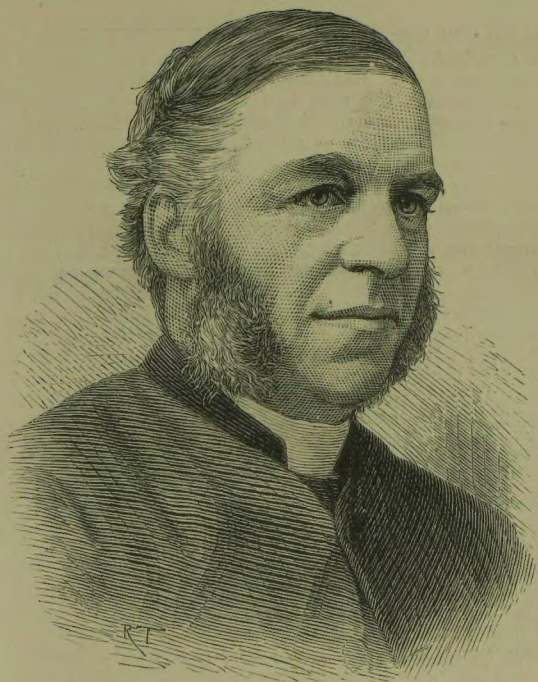
Mr. Parnell quoted figures in support of his argument; but the most interesting portion of his speech was that in which he reasserted that the Earl of Carnarvon, in an interview with him whilst his Lordship was Viceroy of Ireland, explicitly said he was in favour of the re-establishment of a Dublin Home-Rule Parliament. The Solicitor-General for Ireland disputed Mr. Parnell's facts. Sir George Trevelyan, the following night, contended that the hearts of the Irishmen could never be won by the present policy of the Government; but was vivaciously responded to by Colonel Sanderson, who found his match, however, in Mr. Labouchere. Without dwelling on the tiresome recapitulation of stale facts and figures subsequently, it may be said that the debate on the amendment closes at the end of the week. With speeches of proper brevity, one night should have sufficed for the discussion.

The cordial cheers which greeted Sir Michael Hicks Beach on the opening night made it clear that the Ministerialists generally would warmly approve the re-entrance of the right hon. Baronet into the Cabinet as President of the Board of Trade in succession to Lord Stanley of Preston. Baron Henry De Worms has done such good work as acting President that promotion is certain to reward him sooner or later. It only remains to add that Mr. T. D. Sullivan on the Thirteenth met with an enthusiastic reception in his processional progress through the West-End to Hyde Park, the meeting of sympathy wherein was followed by a complimentary banquet at the Criterion; the ex-Lord Mayor of Dublin looking none the worse for his imprisonment at Tullamore when he took his seat in the House the following day.



1. Ant-hill, 18 ft. high.
2. Near Bangala.
3. View about fourteen miles above Upoto, north bank, looking up the River Congo.
4. Yalulina.
5. Looking up the River Aruwimi.
6. Types of the Natives.
7. Bolobo, near the Camp of the Expedition.
8. One and a half days from Bangala, south bank, looking up the river.
9. Six miles above Upoto, north bank, looking up the river.
10. Bulama.
11. Executioner of Bolobo.
12. View at Moungeri.
13. Bolobo.
14. Sapema, a woman of Okuon.
15. Looking down the Aruwimi.
16. From the Beach Camp, Bolobo.
17. Camp of the Expedition, Bolobo.
18. Abreast the Moungeri Channel.

THE EMIN PASHA RELIEF EXPEDITION UP THE CONGO AND THE ARUWIMI.
 SKETCHES BY MR. HERBERT WARD, ONE OF THE COMPANIONS OF MR. H. M. STANLEY.

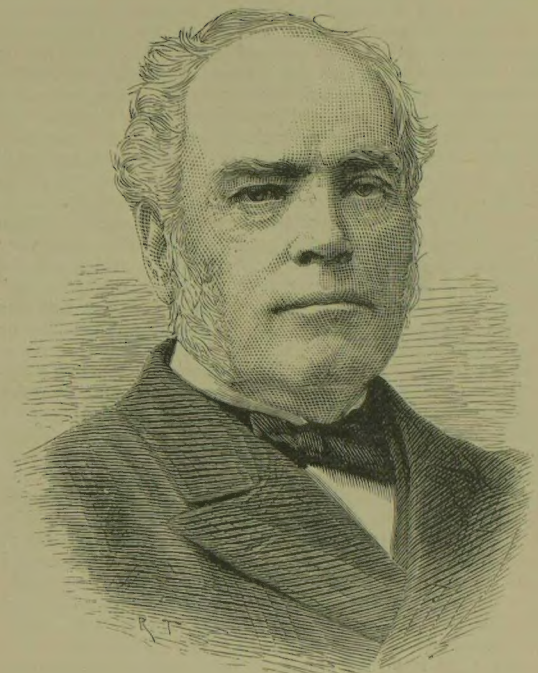


THE RIGHT REV. SIR L. T. STAMER, BART.,
THE NEW BISHOP SUFFRAGAN OF LICHFIELD.

The creation of the new Bishopric of Southwell has involved a further development of subsidiary episcopal organisation in the midland diocese. The clergyman who is appointed to the Suffragan Bishopric of Lichfield was the Archdeacon of Stoke-upon-Trent, and Rector of that parish, a Prebendary of Lichfield Cathedral, the Venerable Sir Lovelace Pimlinson Stamer, Bart., honorary chaplain of the 1st Volunteer Battalion of the Prince of Wales's (North Staffordshire) Regiment. The baronetcy, to which he succeeded on the death of his father, Captain Sir Lovelace Stamer, in 1860, was conferred on Sir William Stamer, Lord Mayor of Dublin, in 1809, who had commanded a regiment of Dublin Yeomanry during the Irish Rebellion of 1798. Bishop Stamer was born in 1829, and was educated at Rugby and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took the degree of M.A. He married a daughter of the late Mr. Joseph Dent, of Ribson Hall, Wetherby, and has several sons, the eldest a Lieutenant in the 16th Lancers; one, the Rev. F. Stamer, a clergyman in holy orders.



STATUE OF THE LATE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH,
IN PARLIAMENT-SQUARE, EDINBURGH.



THE LATE MR. J. T. CAIRD, GREENOCK,
ENGINEER AND SHIPBUILDER.

The death of this gentleman, who was head of the ship-building and engineering firm of Messrs. Caird and Co., at Greenock, took place on Jan. 30, in the seventy-second year of his age. He was apprenticed to the engineering business in 1831, being a distant kinsman of the Mr. Caird then at the head of the concern; but he afterwards gave his services, for a short time, to the St. Rollox engine-works at Glasgow, and to Messrs. Randolph, Elder, and Co. He returned to the employment of Messrs. Caird and Co., and became assistant manager, and in 1852 a managing partner; but since 1863 has been sole proprietor of the works, assisted by three sons. In iron ship-building, for the Peninsular and Oriental, the West India Royal Mail, the North German Lloyd's, the Austrian Lloyd's, the Inman, the Messageries, and the Transatlantic lines, he did a great deal, and effected valuable improvements. He was, during twenty years, an active member of the Town Council, and bestowed much attention on the plans for the Victoria and Albert Harbours at Greenock.



THE VILLA PALMIERI, FLORENCE, TO BE OCCUPIED BY QUEEN VICTORIA.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

Mrs. Campbell Praed, the novelist, and Mrs. Bernard Beere, the popular actress, are somewhat unlucky in the advocates selected to defend "Ariane," the new society play at the Opera Comique. In one of our oldest and most respected newspapers we are told that "the general public cares very little about the moral purpose of a play," and that "the unreasoning attacks of which the play in question has been made the subject on the alleged score of immorality of purpose have only excited public curiosity and interest." In these days of gossip and excitement there may be some morbid curiosity to see a work that has been pronounced distasteful, and described as vulgar, but the original opinion condemning the discussion of unsavoury subjects on the stage, and pointing out the want of art, tone, and taste shown in this particular work, has been upheld in the strongest possible manner by all who have influence and authority, and by such as have the best interests of the stage at heart. We maintain that the general public *does* care very much indeed for the moral purpose of a play, and we insist that the attacks—as they are called—are not "unreasoning" when they have for their object the opening of our theatres for all classes of society, all ages, all sexes, without let or hindrance, when they urge the maintenance of the wholesome tone that has prevailed from time immemorial in English playhouses of every class, and when they in all seriousness warn Mrs. Bernard Beere against her encouragement of a class of drama that can never be really popular in this country. There are some writers no doubt who sincerely and conscientiously maintain that the end justifies the means, that fine acting atones for disagreeable subjects, that "the exhibition of exceptional power" compensates for an evening spent with very shady people, and for the propounding of doctrines on morals and manners that are opposed to English common-sense. But such as these are dangerous guides and false prophets. Brilliant acting made "As in a Looking-Glass" a success of curiosity; no acting, however brilliant, or dresses, however smart, will make "Ariane" a success of pleasure.

The object of the play seems to be the rehabilitation in society of divorced persons. The aim and object of the story, so far as we can gather, is that a woman unhappily married can be lifted into a haven of respectability and purity by the Divorce Court, and that her lover is applauded by society if he wins her and weds her by any possible means, honourable or dishonourable. "What is honour where a woman's love is concerned?" This seems to be the strange doctrine of the chivalrous knight-errant as described by the fashionable novelist of the nineteenth century. The end justifies the means. A dozen divorces may be started, a dozen homes made unhappy, sin may be sown broadcast, so long as one unhappy married woman may marry the man she loves, and, once married, taken into the bosom of condoning society. Ariane, otherwise Mrs. Henry Lomax, is an unhappy married woman. She has been sold by her father to a dissolute and dissipated man, who turns her boudoir into a tap-room—smokes cigars and swills brandy-and-water among her finery—and is altogether a very ill-bred and contemptible person. That such a lady should moan and groan and toss herself upon sofas and snarl and sneer at her fate, is natural enough; but, truth to tell, we find it the most difficult thing in the world to extend any sympathy towards this favourite of fashion. She knows that her husband is on the verge of bankruptcy, and yet she dresses with reckless extravagance; she loves her child, and yet she encourages a wealthy lover. It is all very well for Ariane to go on pleading to Sir Leopold D'Acosta not to make love to her, and to spare her, and so forth, and to be platonic and good; but the onlooker knows perfectly well that but for Ariane Sir Leopold would never be at her side, and that she says with her lips what she does not speak with her eyes. The tipsy husband gets a little tired of his wife's airs and graces, her milliner's bills and florists' accounts, and one day, half-maddened with brandy, he beats his wife, because she very properly will not allow her lover to pay for her extravagance.

The blow, the fatal blow that turns Ariane from a sneering cynic into a modern martyr, is seen by her scoundrelly old father, who has sold her once and would sell her again if he could, and by Sir Leopold, who adores the long-suffering and beaten wife. So these two very estimable gentlemen put their heads together and plan a divorce by which the father can make money and the lover can win a wife. Their noble and high-minded plan is to ruin the peace of mind of another family in order to patch up the rent in this. A frivolous little Frenchwoman is living apparently happily with a commonplace German husband. As yet no sin is dreamed. But the two society scoundrels come to Babette, and bribe her to deceive her husband and to run away with Henry Lomax in order to gain their own selfish purposes. "What is honour when a woman's love is concerned?" This dastardly plan, which presumably is kept secret from the Queen's Proctor, but receives no condemnation from the dramatist, succeeds admirably. Ariane refuses to be beguiled by her drunken husband's crocodile tears, who represents that it is the most ordinary thing in the world for a man to beat his wife and then deceive her. She divorces her husband; her child dies very conveniently, and she, the divorced woman, puts on white wedding garments and lilies as the emblems of the purity of her life *en secondes nocces*. It is a most edifying picture. Church bells ringing, white favours; no doubt rice and slippers for the divorced woman married to her lover, who will probably meet her first husband at the next fashionable rout or assembly on the arm of another woman. Unfortunately she meets her husband at the drawing-room window in a snow-storm—emblem, no doubt, of the purity of the honeymoon path. Henry Lomax has discovered the trick by which the divorce has been procured, and he has come to shoot husband number two. Unluckily he makes a mistake and kills wife number one instead, and this interesting martyr expires in white satin in the presence of her two husbands and that of her unnatural father. This is the story, dark, dismal, uncanny, from end to end; these are the people, base, bad, selfish, and dissolute, who are made to pass in review before our eyes in order to give us a pleasant evening's amusement! Not one single good person is introduced as a relief. We have to swallow the pill and are not offered a sweet after it. The medicine is nauseous, and we are left with our shudder. The atmosphere is oppressive, asphyxiating, unwholesome; but nobody charitably opens the window. Descriptions of such scenes and such people, with the aid of tact and cleverness, sometimes pass muster in a novel: they come out as ugly, distorted figures by means of the camera of a stage play. There is no opportunity here for poetry or padding. The characters stand out in all their original nakedness, and we doubt not that the authoress herself feels disappointed and dissatisfied when she sees her original creations in their stage dress. She wanted them to say and explain so much more—but they don't.

Whether this is or is not society, in the proper acceptation of the term, we must leave the authoress to decide with her constituents. We do not believe that there is or ever was in any country or any age a society so utterly vicious that it had no redeeming quality. Assertion is not argument. The worst of women have some good influence at their side whether they

reject it or not; the most vicious of men have some lingering spark of a better nature. It may be very clever to be cynical in this reckless fashion; but is it fair to tell the world, to proclaim on the housetops, to cry aloud and shout that from this tainted and discoloured society, from these baskets of fifteen-sou peaches, our mothers and our daughters spring! It is a society, but not society. These people, with their faithlessness and their distorted views of honour, are the exception, not the rule.

No doubt Mrs. Bernard Beere exhibits extraordinary dramatic power in this play, as she did in the former one; but it is power to no purpose when the play does not interest and the characters are one and all out of sympathy with the audience. It was intended, no doubt, to make Ariane a very interesting and sympathetic woman, whose woes we should pity and whose conduct we should applaud. This does not turn out to be the case. Talent, very much talent, has been expended on the play, but it is comparatively wasted. Mr. Henry Neville, as the drunken, irresolute husband; Mr. Leonard Boyne, as the well-dressed, earnest lover; M. Marius, as the unnatural old father, all do their utmost for the success of the play; but how can they do credit to themselves or their art in characters so crudely drawn and so inconsistent with human nature? How can Mr. Leonard Boyne, for instance, feel at home when he has to act a manly man in unmanly situations? How can he give life-blood or truth to his false sentiments about man's honour, or look anything but contemptible when he attempts to justify a fraud of the vilest kind by saying, "I did it because I loved her"? No acting in the world, however good, can stand against false sentiment. You may as well attempt to dissolve the Mer de Glace with a wax vesta as to pretend that acting, however powerful, can give interest to such a play. It may be true that the "house has been crowded every night since the first representation." We honestly hope it is. For each house assembled will spread into every section and class of society the stern and swift condemnation of such plays. Unless cleverly written with wit, philosophy, epigram, sparkle, and point they never could succeed. The falseness to human nature might be forgiven; the dullness, never.

The season of French plays is rapidly drawing to a close at the Royalty. Mary Albert has gone, and M. Mayer has brought over Mlle. Wittemans, a clever little actress of the *café chantant* school, to play Judic's character in "Mam'zelle Nitouche." She succeeds fairly well, although M. Dukerel, as the opera composer, is not very well suited to a character that has plenty of humour in it.

The only other interesting events of the past week have been a clever performance of Tom Taylor's capital drama "Arkwright's Wife," by Miss Helen Barry and Mr. E. S. Willard; and the production of a new comedieta at the Comedy, written by Jerome, called "Sisters," in which Miss Cissy Grahame acts charmingly.

THE LATE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH, K.G.

On Tuesday, Feb. 7, a statue of the late Duke of Buccleuch was unveiled in Parliament-square, Edinburgh. The figure, which is of bronze, cost £7000; it is 10 ft. 6 in. high, and the pedestal is 22 ft. high. It represents the Duke in the robes of the Garter. The Earl of Stair delivered an address, in which he described the late Duke as a typical Scotchman, who was, during a long, active, and useful life, remarkable for his faithful and conscientious performance of the duties inseparable from high social position and a proper management of great landed estates. The monument was designed by Mr. Rowand Anderson.

THE VILLA PALMIERI, FLORENCE.

Her Majesty Queen Victoria intends next month to sojourn at Florence, one of the many interesting cities of Italy, and scarcely inferior to Venice in historical renown, in the beauty of its architectural edifices, and of its collections of art, more especially of sculpture, while far superior in its associations with Italian literature. The mansion that has been chosen for her Majesty's accommodation is the Villa Palmieri, belonging to the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, nearly two miles from the Porta San Gallo, to the north-east of the city, on the road to Fiesole, which ascends the left bank of the Mugnone or Mugello, a stream that flows along the northern side of Florence and falls into the Arno below the Cascine. The valley of the Mugello was always a favourite rural retreat of the rich Florentine citizens; and it was somewhere in this pleasant valley that Boccaccio, the author of the "Decameron"; or, "Ten Days' Tales," placed the fancied assembly of clever and accomplished ladies and gentlemen, whom he supposed to have left their houses in the city, on account of the plague, in the summer of 1347, and to have amused each other by telling the series of lively stories which he relates in such an agreeable style. The exact spot, however, which popular tradition, of course with no actual grounds of real authority, has indicated for the scene of this imaginary company of story-tellers, is higher up the hill, in the demesne of a villa formerly occupied by Walter Savage Landor, at San Domenico di Fiesole, just below the ancient ivy-clad convent, overhung with cypress-trees, as Landor says:—

Where the hewn rocks of Fiesole impend
O'er Doccia's dell, and fig and olive bend;
There the twin streams in Africa unite,
One dimly seen, the other out of sight,
But ever playing in his smoothened bed
Of polished stone, and willing to be led
Where clustering vines protect him from the sun,
Never too grave to smile, too tired to run.
Here, by the lake, Boccaccio's fair brigade
Beguiled the hours, and tale for tale repaid.

Not far up the hill is the Villa Mozzi (now Villa Spence), which was the favourite residence of Lorenzo the Magnificent; and Careggi, the villa built by Cosmo dei Medici, in which Cosmo died, in 1464, and Lorenzo, in 1492, expired after his famous interview with Savonarola, is among the hills on this side of Florence. The ancient Roman town of Fiesole, now Fiesole, from which Florence "descended," is a place of much antiquarian interest.

The villa constructed by the Palmieri family, at a spot called the Fonte dei Tre Visi, originally bore the name of Schifanoia, which meant "Avoid Disturbance," and was nearly equivalent to "Sans Souci." The Palmieri owned it for centuries; they built an arch or bridge over the public road, connecting the gardens with a terrace which commands a delightful view. An Italian, who had purchased the villa of the Palmieri, bequeathed it to the ex-Grand Duchess of Tuscany, and her trustees sold it, some years ago, to the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres. A new road was then made round the hill, and an expenditure of about £10,000 was incurred in various extensions and improvements.

The locality of Boccaccio's "Decameron," one of the most famous books in all European literature, has been referred to. In 1566 William Paynter printed sixty of Boccaccio's stories in English, in a collection entitled the "Palace of Pleasure"; and it was soon followed by thirty-four additional tales—these are said to be the pages of which Shakspeare made use in some of his plays.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

The legal theory of marriage, that the wife is "under cover," completely absorbed in the personality of her lord and master, still exists unimpaired by Married Women's Property Acts, Divorce Courts, and the various other modern innovations on the original position of husband and wife. The consequences of the dogma of coverture are sometimes very strange. Two illustrations of how it may work out in practice were given in the Courts last week. In one, a gentleman wrote a statement, complaining of the conduct of his butler, on a written "character" which the man had brought to the place with him; the master then handed the document to his wife, who, of course, read the view expressed by her husband of the servant's conduct. The Judge ruled that this was not publication of a libel, as husband and wife are one person. This decision, whatever may be said of the theory on which it was arrived at, is obviously common-sense. If husband and wife could not communicate freely with each other about the behaviour of their joint and mutual servants, domestic management would become even more difficult than it is. A master could not discharge a servant on the report of his wife of kitchen misdeeds without risking an action for libel. "The master is going to send me off because the missis said I took a drop too much; she shall pay for that," says the cook, and brings her action for libel with the aid of a speculative solicitor. Besides, in some households, if the servants' misdoings were removed from possible subjects of conjugal conversation there would not be much but the baby's tooth and Johnnie's cold, and the like, for the mistress to talk about. Clearly, communications between the joint heads of a household about their domestics must be privileged. The other case where coverture came into the decision was also a libel suit. A man was held not to have libelled another by publicly stating that the latter had broken open his own wife's boxes and stolen her money; because in law it is not an indictable offence for a husband to take his wife's money unless after deserting her, or in the act of deserting her. Many people may be surprised to hear that this is still law, notwithstanding the Married Women's Property Acts. But it is only fair to say that the wife enjoys a similar immunity against prosecutions for stealing from her husband while living in his house. The question is not without its real difficulties. On the one hand, it would be a shocking state of affairs if an ill-conditioned spouse of either sex could charge the other with theft for perhaps some trifling appropriation of household goods that in justice ought to be counted as belonging to both. On the other hand there are many cases richly deserving the punishment of the law, in which a drunken husband or wife makes a practice of selling every article of furniture, and even the clothing of the unfortunate children, as regularly as the industrious and sober partner earns and provides these home necessities.

The decadence of the "dress improver" is rapid. It is fading away—becoming atrophied—growing small by degrees and beautifully less. I have just inspected a trained black silk evening dress from a first-class Paris house; there is a tiny cushion of hair at the top and no steels whatever; the fullness of the pleats is, however, extreme, and the basque of the bodice is arranged at the extreme back in a fly-away little tail, so that the elevated aspect to which the eye is accustomed is not altogether lost. A French sketch of a magnificent gown just made in Paris for Madame Patti appeared in a recent issue of the *Lady's Pictorial*, and evidently this was made entirely without waist-pad or support, the flow of the train being only such as would result from a stiff lining, and from the full pleats at the top. Indeed, the *Directoire*—or more properly the *Empire*—style of dress, which it is tolerably certain is to be the type upon which, with modifications in detail, the new season's things will be modeled, is completely the opposite of that which necessitates "improvers," being given to clinging to the figure in soft and graceful folds and carrying the waist up considerably beyond its present position. (How absurd that the dressmaker should be authorised to move the waist!—but so it is.)

Baroness Burdett-Coutts has made two speeches during the last week, one being in response to the toast of "The Visitors," coupled with her name, at a charity dinner—a sensible innovation, from which I am glad to note so influential a precedent, on the practice of putting up the youngest man present to reply on the ladies' behalf. Lady Burdett-Coutts' other speech was made at the annual meeting of the British Bee-keepers' Association, of which her Ladyship is president. It has often been in my mind before, and I now take the opportunity to call my readers' attention to the great interest of bee-keeping, and its suitability as a pursuit, either for profit or amusement, for ladies living in the country. The art is by no means difficult to learn, and there is no great laboriousness about managing a few hives. Some people appear to have a special power of dealing with bees without irritating them, as is the case with most animals; but, on the whole, the danger of stings is infinitesimal, while it is easy to feel a lively interest in the insects' active and ardent communal life, in which the bee-keeper intermeddles like a benevolent Providence. A delicate lady of my acquaintance, who has to spend much time lying on her couch, and rarely goes abroad, finds great amusement in an observatory hive, with a glass front, fixed inside her sitting-room window. The doors of such a hive open on the outer world, so that the bees do not come in and out of the room, but all the processes of daily life are carried on within the case which is in the room, so that they can be inspected at any moment through the glass front. The bees, though accustomed by Nature to shape their cells, deposit their honey, feed their young, &c., in complete darkness and seclusion, seem soon to conquer any awkwardness which they may be supposed to feel when required to work in the public view.

I have received several letters on the subject of home-nursing of the sick poor. Miss W. kindly sends me the latest report of the admirable work done by the district nurses of the Paddington and Marylebone Association, the office of which is at 510, Edgware-road. The work of these nurses, in attending on the sick poor in their own homes, is precisely what I described as the utmost benefit that it will be possible for the Queen's Jubilee Fund to provide. The good women go from house to house washing patients, changing linen, cleaning and disinfecting rooms, and applying lotions, poultices, &c., according to the orders left by the medical man. Amongst the patients thus aided (a total of 847 in 1886) were: 8 governesses, 8 nurses, 23 sempstresses, 24 dressmakers, 63 charwomen, and 71 laundresses. Medical men recommended 565 of the cases, and clergymen and district visitors sent 170. Mr. Henry C. Hurry thinks, I am sorry to find, that I have disparaged the efforts of such nurses as these. Far from it; I recognise fully that even half-an-hour's daily attention from a trained nurse may be most valuable, and I distinctly spoke of the good work done by the district nurses. Especially in chronic cases, which no hospital can keep, the nurse's daily visit may make all the difference to the sufferer's comfort. The reports sent me by Mr. Hurry are those of the Metropolitan Nursing Association, 23, Bloomsbury-square, and the Portsmouth Association, Gloucester-terrace, Southsea.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

ART EXHIBITIONS.

At the Goupil Gallery (116, New Bond-street), under the title of "In and Out of Doors," there is to be seen a collection of water-colour drawings by past and present students of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours. The designation of "past" students has been used in a very liberal sense, with the result of giving us the works of not a few who have already attracted notice in these exhibitions. In many of these, as well as in the works of those who are still *in statu pupillari*, the influence of the teaching of the Royal Institute is plainly visible; and it is, perhaps, a hopeful sign for English art that this long-absent feature from our art-schools should reappear. It is scarcely necessary to single out specimens of the works here exhibited, a fair level having been maintained throughout; but we may mention Mr. Albert Cox, Mr. MacIver Grierson, Mr. Nelson Dawson, and Mr. Heaton Cooper as amongst those who are the most numerous as well as the most effectively represented. For amateurs who can trust their own judgment, and with prescience foretell the "coming man," an exhibition such as this offers very great temptations as well as opportunities.

At the Fine-Art Gallery (148, New Bond-street) exhibitions follow at short intervals—and although, happily, the Japanese loan collection still remains, it is supplemented by a small gathering of M. Roussoff's clever Venetian sketches. There are few artists whom sudden success has spoilt so little as M. Roussoff. Half-a-dozen years ago he exhibited a number of studies of outdoor life in Venice, which were, perhaps, the more gratefully accepted as a change from the dull renderings of that charming city which Miss Montalba had made so popular. Since then M. Roussoff has shown a steady progress, not only in the range of his subjects, but in his treatment of them. This exhibition—the third, if we mistake not—will serve to advance his claims as a colourist, and to show him attempting and mastering effects of atmosphere which hitherto seemed beyond his grasp. In the early morning effect (11) we have M. Roussoff quite at his best; and it is in other similar studies of the lagoons and the waters round Venice that he has earned fresh laurels. In his interiors of churches and the like one is too often led away from the balanced beauty of the whole by the artist's eager insistence upon certain details; whilst in some episodes of domestic life, such as the funeral of a child, the pathos is altogether destroyed by the artificial dress and attitude of the bereaved parents.

At Mr. McLean's Gallery (7, Haymarket) a well-arranged collection of Miss Clara Montalba's water-colour drawings and sketches shows with considerable correctness the range of this gifted artist's powers. Her perception of Venetian colour is wholly opposed to M. Roussoff's; and, we may as well add, to that of the great mass of the "makers" of Venice, from the days of W. Holland downwards to our own. The acidity, however, of Miss Montalba's colouring has a peculiar charm of its own, and her attempt to grapple with atmospheric difficulties are none the less interesting because they seem to us a trifle fantastic. Amongst the most highly finished of these drawings is the group of "Dalmatian Boats" (46) lying, with lazily-flapping sails, on a somewhat milky sea. Were it not for their felucca sails those gaily-painted boats would be no more picturesque than Dutch pinks; and the colour of the water scarcely differs from that which Miss Montalba finds off "Ramsgate" (83), or at "Dort" (95). On rare occasions, however, as at "Antibes" (67), she will allow us to recall the blue Mediterranean, and will forget that opalescence which she sees everywhere else. It is, perhaps, quite the most interesting part of this exhibition to trace how little applicable to her is the saying "Cælum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt." In Holland—on the Riviera—on the Thames—on the Grand Canal, Miss Montalba is, before all things, true to her own conceptions of light and colour; and in such studies as the "Chioggia Fishing-Fleet" (18), the "Jetty at Zaandam" (10), the "Afterglow at Dort" (54), and the "Sunset at Venice" (71), we feel that it is the artist who dominates the scene and fashions it to her will. Perhaps a more interesting feature of this collection to some people will be the opportunity it has afforded Miss Montalba of showing her skill in portraying movement and figures. In such groups as we have in the "St. John's Festival" (68), the "Sketch in St. Mark's" (61), and the "Riva dei Schiavoni" (22), we have a very fine sense of colour and grouping—whilst in "Ramsgate Sands" (33) on the one hand and the "Milkwomen of Dort" (31) we have an admirable contrast of noise and repose. Amongst the other successful works may be mentioned the "Piazzetta, Venice" (14), the "Ramsgate Fishing-Smack" (23), "Ramsgate Harbour" (44), "Turner's House, Margate" (61) and the "Garden at Pangbourne" (84), aglow with bright English flowers which yield in nothing to the brightest colours of Venetian life.

AMATONGALAND.

We have given some account of the position of the South African native race called the Amatongas, inhabiting a small territory north of the Zulus, on the coast of the Indian Ocean, adjacent to the Portuguese dominions at Delagoa Bay. Another view of the scenery in the interior of that country is now presented, being that of the head-quarters of the Umkusi river, which is navigable but for a short distance, as the hill ranges towards the Lobombo, the western barrier dividing Amatongaland from Swaziland. A short distance to the south is Santa Lucia Bay, in Zululand, now under the British Government, all these countries, occupied by different native tribes, separating the Transvaal Republic from the seacoast. But this is not the case at the 26th degree of latitude, in Delagoa Bay, where the railway from the port of Lorenzo Marquez, traversing only Portuguese territory, reaches the dividing range of mountains, and is designed, by crossing that range, a matter of some difficulty, to open a direct route to the Transvaal.

During Monday night, Feb. 13, and early the next morning snow fell heavily in nearly all parts of the kingdom. Traffic was suspended in many places, and greatly impeded in others.

The Drury-Lane Lodge of Freemasons (No. 2127) was held on Tuesday, Feb. 14, in the saloon of Drury-Lane Theatre, for the installation of Sir John Gorst, M.P., as its Worshipful Master. Mr. J. C. Parkinson, J.P., D.L., a gentleman well known in literature, business, and journalism, who is Past Grand Deacon in England in the Masonic hierarchy, performed the ceremonies ordained for such an occasion, having rendered much service to this lodge, with Lord Londesborough and Mr. Augustus Harris, in its establishment two years ago. Lord Londesborough was prevented by illness from attending, but the installation was a brilliant affair, the saloon being adorned with grand Masonic banners. Three hundred of the brethren afterwards dined at Freemasons' Hall, the Lord Chancellor, the ex-Lord Chancellor, the Lord Mayor, and many noblemen and gentlemen of distinction, being among the guests. The new Master, in the name of the lodge, presented a handsome testimonial gift, a fine gold repeater watch, to Mr. Parkinson, in acknowledgment of his good services, who replied in a clever and effective speech.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, Feb. 14.

There is nothing more disastrous to French Cabinets than the sittings of the Chamber of Deputies. During the holidays a Cabinet is tolerably safe, but the moment Parliament meets the danger begins. The Ministry came within an ace of falling on the question of the Tonkin Budget, which excited a lively debate and resulted in the refusal of the credit of twenty millions by 256 votes against 256. No majority. M. Tirard thereupon mounted the tribune and said that if this vote meant that the Chamber demanded the evacuation of Tonkin he declared at once that the Cabinet would not assume the responsibility of the measure; but if the Chamber wished merely to suggest a policy of economy he was prepared to accept the hint, and therefore proposed a new credit of 19,800,000f. This credit was finally voted by 264 votes against 256—that is to say, by a majority of 8 votes. This double vote shows how the Tonkin question divides the Deputies almost equally: half are partisans of evacuation, half think it desirable to make the best of a bad job. To sum up, the discussion of the Budget proceeds with terrible slowness, and the revelations which it provokes are not of the most satisfactory kind. The other day the discussion of the Navy Budget showed that the French fleet is not all that might be desired; the torpedo essay in particular is admitted to be a fiasco, and the adequate defence of the French coast is not assured by the actual resources of the navy.

Russia is greatly à la mode in contemporary Paris. We read Russian novels; we go to see Tolstoi's melodramas at the theatre; the comic papers are full of cartoons touching a Franco-Russian alliance; and we may safely say that the great political event of the week has been the presence of the Russian Ambassador at the dinner offered to the President of the Republic by M. Floquet, the President of the Chamber of Deputies—the same M. Floquet who, according to a legend, cried, in his younger days, in the face of the Czar, "Vive la Pologne, Monsieur!" This dinner and the reception which followed took place with as much correctness, as much ceremony, and as much outward show as if France were under a Monarchical, instead of under a Republican, régime. It was splendid, sumptuous, and a complete success. The fact of the presence of the Russian Ambassador is considered to be very important by the French, because it wipes out a regrettable incident, and because M. Floquet is a future Minister. M. Floquet represents the Radical Republican party, the party of effective progress. In dining with M. Floquet, the Russian Ambassador is not accomplishing a political, but an international act. All the same, this sympathy and supposed moral alliance between autocratic Russia and democratic France is queer.

The Carnival has been comparatively gay this year. The Elysée and the Hôtel de Ville have vied in the splendour of their fêtes. Indeed, never, since the presidency of Marshal MacMahon, has the Elysée ball been so stylish and well attended. The second ball at the Hôtel de Ville was an immense democratic success. No less than 16,000 invitations were issued and accepted, and the amount of food and drink consumed at the buffets was so prodigious that official statistics have been published to satisfy the curiosity of the ratepayers. These figures are truly Gargantuan—to wit: 900 gallons of beer, 2500 bottles of champagne, 500 bottles of claret, 4400 bowls of bouillon, 6300 glasses of syrup, 4000 cafés glacés, 3200 ices, 1250 marquises, 6300 punches, 1900 cups of chocolate, 14,000 sandwiches, 6000 foie gras sandwiches, 260 lb. of petits fours, 45 babas of 3 lb. each, 45 savarins of the same weight, and 1000 cakes of various sorts.

The Prince of Wales passed Saturday and Sunday in Paris, on his way to Cannes. His Royal Highness called upon the President of the Republic, and President Carnot returned the call the same afternoon. The interview is understood to have been cordial; at any rate, the two magnates talked together for fully three quarters of an hour. The Prince of Wales passed his time chiefly with his French friends; and on Saturday he went to see Sarah Bernhardt play in "La Tosca," at the Porte Saint-Martin.

The event of the week at the theatres has been the production of Tolstoi's "Puissance des Ténèbres" at the Théâtre Libre. The piece is a sombre melodrama, in which the misery and vice of the Russian peasantry are depicted with poignant realism and sincerity. It is a horrible spectacle, and one scarcely adapted for the regular stage; but, nevertheless, it is undeniably the work of a man of genius, and the élite of literary and artistic Paris witnessed the performance with profound interest. The Eden Théâtre, where Italian spectacular ballet has had its day, has been reopened with the old operetta "La Fille de Madame Angot," splendidly dressed and mounted, and with two "stars" of the first magnitude, Mesdames Judic and Granier, in the leading rôles. A new operetta by Lecocq, "La Volière," has failed utterly at the Nouveautés. On the whole the Paris theatres are in a bad way. The total receipts of the theatres during 1887 show a decrease of 9,000,000f. compared with the total receipts of '878.

The terrible scandal which overthrew President Grévy and brought Paris to the verge of a revolution promises to come to an end at last. M. Daniel Wilson will appear this week before the tribunal of Correctional Police to be tried and judged. Public opinion will thus be satisfied, for the tribunal will certainly confirm the judgment of the Court of Cassation, and declare that the cross of the Legion of Honour cannot be bought and sold, and that the simple fact of using one's influence to obtain the cross for another man constitutes a misdemeanour. The trouble is that, as matters are at present, the cross cannot be obtained without solicitation and influence.

T. C.

The grave anxiety recently felt on account of the serious condition of the Crown Prince of Germany has been greatly relieved. The swelling in his throat having increased, and the difficulty of breathing being more marked, the operation of tracheotomy was performed by Dr. Bramann, on Feb. 9, with perfect success; and by latest accounts his Imperial Highness was going on very well. He could take solid food and was able to talk.

In the sitting of the Lower House of the Austrian Reichsrath, on Feb. 8, the Austro-Italian treaty of commerce was passed by a very large majority. The Emperor Francis Joseph on Feb. 8 paid a visit to Count Bylandt-Rheydtt, who is recovering from his recent illness.—Tremendous avalanches have taken place all along the Arlberg Railway, burying railway stations and covering the line, several persons employed upon the railway having been killed.

A telegram from Washington states that the different points so long under discussion by the Fisheries Commission have been adjusted by mutual concessions on the part of the respective countries.—Mr. Blaine has retired from the Presidential contest.

During a sitting of the Legislative Council at Calcutta, the Viceroy of India referred to his resignation (announced in another part of the present issue), and stated that he had taken the step solely from imperative private reasons.

MUSIC.

An important revival of musical activity took place last week, when—on Feb. 11—the Saturday afternoon concerts at the Crystal Palace were resumed, in continuation of the thirty-second series with the twelfth performance thereof. The programme contained no absolute novelty. Dvorák's violin concerto was given for the first time here, performed by Herr Ondricek, as on its first hearing at a concert of the Philharmonic Society in 1886, when the work was noticed by us. Again the slow movement and the finale proved the most effective portions, and the difficulties of the solo part were very skilfully rendered by the executant, who was also heard in smaller solo pieces by Tschalkowski and Laub. The orchestral selection of the day was a familiar one, and Mr. Sims Reeves, absent on account of indisposition, was replaced by Mr. C. Banks, who, although somewhat under the influence of a cold, sang well-known airs successfully.

Another important musical event occurred this week—the return of Herr Joachim, who was the leading and solo violinist at the Monday evening Popular Concert of Feb. 13. The great Hungarian artist has for so many seasons been a special feature at these and at other concerts, that his disappearance leaves a void that is only thoroughly supplied by his return, which is always anxiously expected and enthusiastically welcomed. His solos were portions of the third of Bach's sonatas for violin alone—works of such extreme difficulty that they could scarcely have been executed in the composer's own time; indeed, they severely tax the resources even of the great players of modern times, when mechanical skill has so largely advanced. Herr Joachim's merits as a leader of concerted music were notably displayed in Mendelssohn's octet for stringed instruments, that grand symphonic work which is among the marvellous productions of his boyhood, having been composed when he was only about sixteen years old. Herr Joachim's coadjutors in the octet were MM. L. Ries, Burnett, Wiener, Hollander, Gibson, Howell, and Piatti—an excellent rendering having been the result. Mr. Max Pauer played Schumann's difficult pianoforte toccata, Op. 7, with brilliant mechanism and clear enunciation of its rhythm. Each of the soloists named was encored; and played again. The vocal pieces—gracefully sung by Mrs. Henschel—were two lieder by Schubert and a song by Mr. Henschel, who accompanied them. A string quartet of Haydn's closed the programme. At the afternoon concert of the previous Saturday, Feb. 11, Herr Heermann was the leading violinist in Mozart's first string quartet (in G), besides playing short solo pieces by Ernst and David, in each case with artistic skill. Mr. Max Pauer achieved a special success in his rendering of Chopin's elaborate sonata in B minor for piano solo; and sustained the principal part in Rubinstein's pianoforte trio in B flat. Mr. Santley contributed vocal pieces with his usual effect.

Ash Wednesday was celebrated with due solemnity by a grand performance of Handel's "Messiah" by the Royal Albert Hall Choral society, conducted by Mr. Barnby; and a sacred concert—with a miscellaneous programme, contributed to by eminent artists—at St. James's Hall. This was under the direction of Mr. John Boosey, and in lieu of one of his London Ballad Concerts, the present series of which is being carried on with fully the usual amount of success. That of Feb. 22 will be an afternoon performance.

Mr. Henschel's London Symphony Concerts, at St. James's Hall, have now completed thirteen of the promised sixteen performances. The programme of the thirteenth concert included an important feature—the first performance in England of Brahms's new concerto for violin and violoncello, with Herr Joachim and Mr. Hausmann as the soloists. Of this and of other features of the concert we must speak hereafter.

Miss Esther Barnett's pianoforte recital (which took place recently at St. James's Hall) proved her to possess qualities which, in so youthful a performer, promise to develop into very important powers. In her delivery of Beethoven's thirty-two variations in C minor there was, perhaps, a lack of that intensity and grandeur which belong to a maturer age than that of the young lady pianist now referred to—but her rendering of smaller pieces by Mendelssohn, Sterndale Bennett, Rameau, and others, manifested a grace and delicacy of style eminently suited to the character of the music. The impression created by Miss Barnett was highly favourable.

The fourth of the present series of Novello's Oratorio Concerts, at St. James's Hall, will take place next Wednesday evening, Feb. 22; Mr. and Mrs. Henschel's third vocal recital, at Prince's Hall, being announced for the afternoon of the same date. On the following evening the fifth concert of the Sacred Harmonic Society's present season will be given at St. James's Hall, Mendelssohn's "Elijah" being announced for performance. The second of Mr. Henri Loge's winter morning concerts is announced for Feb. 23, at Steinway Hall.

Dr. Stainer's resignation of the office of organist to St. Paul's Cathedral (owing, we believe, to his impaired vision) has been followed by the election of Dr. G. C. Martin, who has for many years acted efficiently as assistant organist and master of the choir-boys.

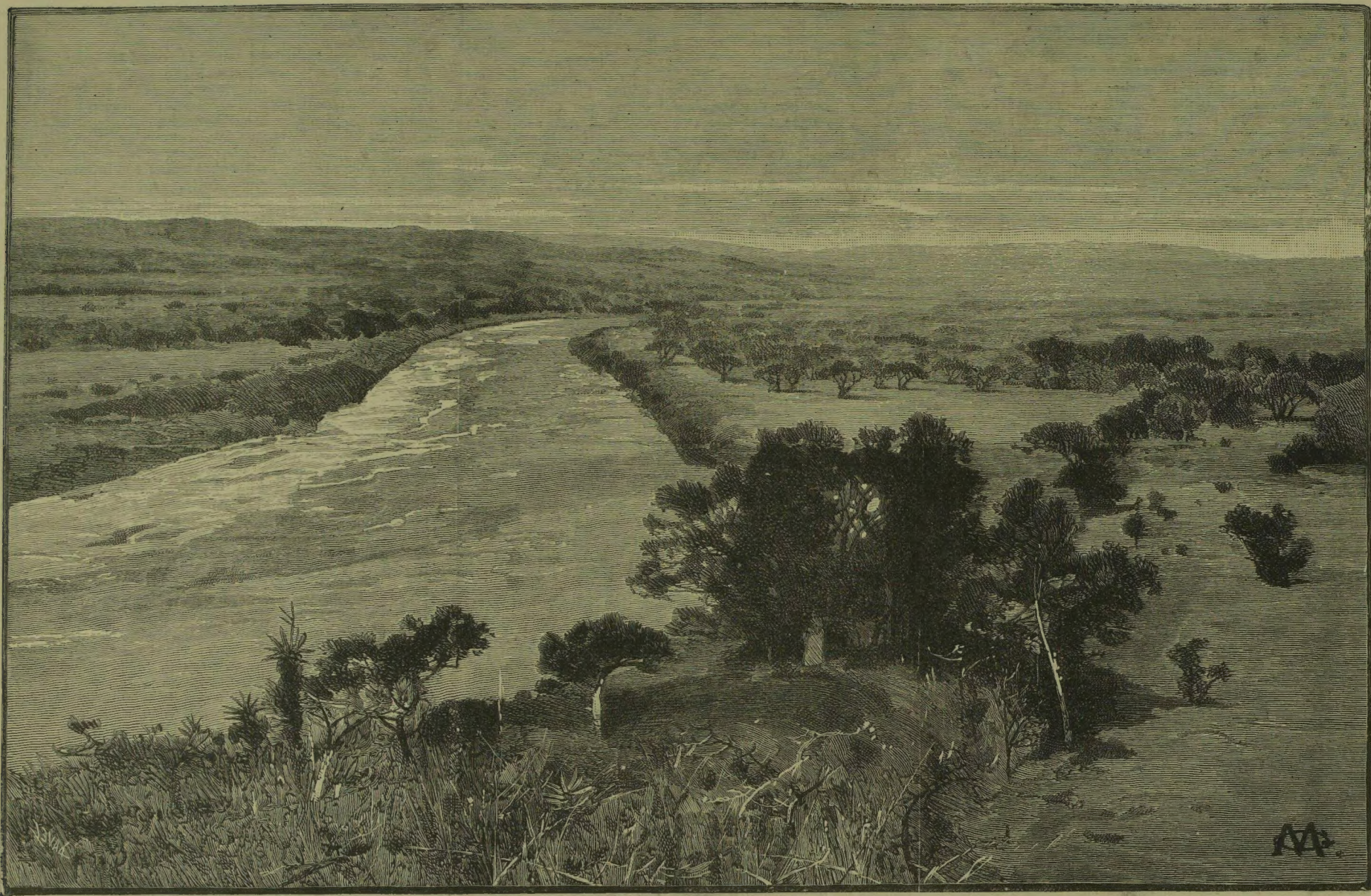
Meyerbeer's grand opera, "Robert le Diable," has recently been produced, in an English version, by the Carl Rosa company, at the Court Theatre, Liverpool. The local critics speak highly of the general efficiency of the performance, both in its scenic and its musical aspects. The most prominent characters—Robert, Bertram, Alice, and Isabella—were sustained, respectively, by Mr. Runcio, Mr. C. Manners, Miss F. Moody, and Madame Georgina Burns.

The Bologna Musical Exhibition will open early in May next. The Duke of Edinburgh has accepted the presidency of the English Committee, and Mr. Cusins, chairman thereof, will act as vice-president.

The annual dinner of the Westminster Philanthropic Society was held at the Westminster Townhall on Feb. 9. The chair was taken by Mr. Burdett-Coutts, M.P., and there were also present Baroness Burdett-Coutts, Sir Peter Lumsden, Colonel Sir Francis De Winton, and Major-General Sim.

The marriage of the Hon. Arthur R. D. Elliot, M.P. for Roxburghshire, second son of the Earl of Minto, with Madeleine, eldest daughter of Sir Charles Lister Ryan, K.C.B., took place at All Saints' Church, Ascot, on Feb. 14. The best man was Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice, and the bride's two sisters were her bridesmaids. The bride was given away by her father.

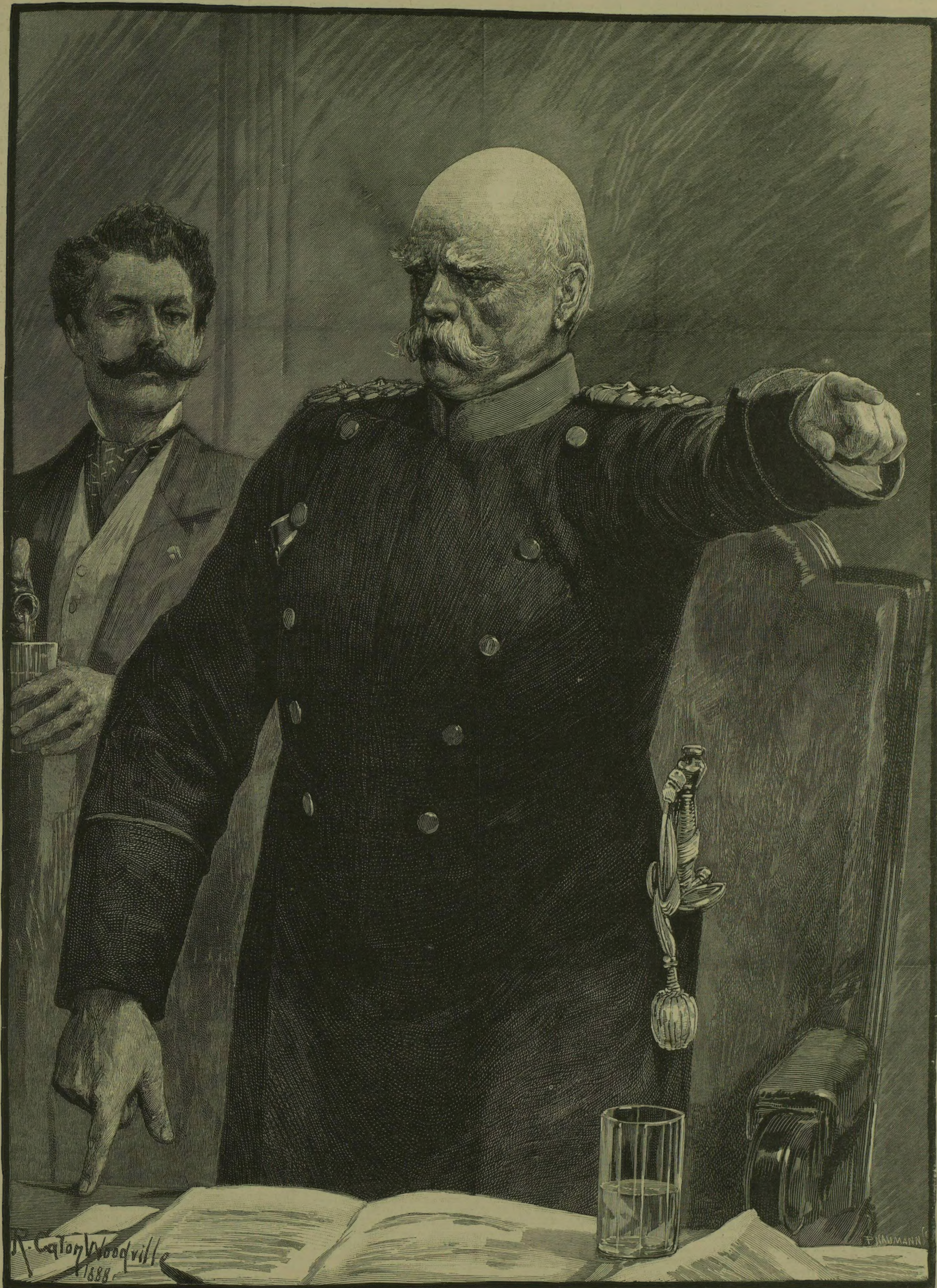
The usual weekly entertainment at the Brompton Hospital was arranged by Miss Mary Liddell, and consisted of vocal and instrumental solos, duets, and trios, and a band of lancers, by the Countess Victoria Gleichen, Countess Feodore Gleichen, the Hon. Winifred Sturt, Lord Walter Lennox, Mrs. Everett Gray, Mrs. Gibbs, Miss Byng, Miss Amy Byng, Miss Mary Liddell, the Hon. R. Bingham, Sir Augustus Webster, Bart., Mr. Erskine, Mr. G. Nugent, Mr. Guy Stephenson, Mr. Charles Adeane, Mr. Thornhill, and Mr. R. Walronc. It also included imitations of popular actors and actresses, cleverly done by the Hon. Alexander Yorke. The programme was exceedingly well carried out, and called forth hearty applause.



HEAD WATERS OF THE UMKUSI RIVER.



HAUNT OF THE HIPPOPOTAMUS, UMKUSI RIVER.



PRINCE BISMARCK ADDRESSING THE GERMAN REICHSTAG.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Jan. 16, 1885), of the Right Hon. George Grenfell, Baron Wolverton, late of Iwerne Minster, Dorset, and No. 67, Lombard-street, E.C., who died on Nov. 6 last, at Brighton, was proved on Feb. 11, by the Right Hon. Henry Richard, Baron Wolverton, the nephew, Sir Richard George Glyn, Bart., and the Hon. Pascoe Charles Glyn, the brother, the executors (power being reserved of making the like grant to the Right Hon. Georgiana Maria, Baroness Wolverton, the widow) the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £1,820,000. The testator confirms the settlement of an annuity of £4000 to his mother and gives her the use for life of his house at Lancaster-gate. He bequeaths an annuity of £10,000, all his jewels, trinkets, articles of virtue, and all furniture, effects, pictures, silver, horses, carriages, and live and dead stock; and his leasehold property at Coombe, near Kingston, to his wife, Baroness Wolverton; £10,000 each to the daughters of his brothers, St. Leger Richard Glyn and Henry Carr Glyn; £10,000, upon trust, for the two children of his brother, Sidney Carr Glyn; £10,000 to his niece, Georgiana Mary Tufnell; £5000 and an annuity of £500 to his cousin Alice Brown, the wife of Colonel Brown; £2000 per annum to Mrs. Florence Elizabeth Glyn, the wife of his brother St. Leger; £1000 each to his executors (with the exception of his nephew); and legacies to servants. He devises all his property at Iwerne, Dorset, to the use of his wife, for life, and at her death to his nephew, Lord Wolverton, his heirs and assigns for ever. His interest in the banking business of Messrs. Glyn, Mills, Currie, and Co. he leaves upon trust for his nephew, to accumulate all income exceeding £15,000 per annum till the year 1892, when such interest and accumulated fund becomes the absolute property of his said nephew. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income thereof to his wife, for life, and at her death to his said nephew, Lord Wolverton, absolutely.

The will (dated Aug. 4, 1886) of Mr. Joseph Maynard, formerly of No. 57, Coleman-street, but late of No. 52, Westbourne-terrace, Hyde Park, and Sandhells, Betchworth, Surrey, who died on Jan. 9 last, was proved on Feb. 6 by Mr. James Ewing Mathieson, Mr. John James Aubertin, and Mr. Joseph Watling, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £436,000. The testator bequeaths £75,000, upon trust, for his daughter Mrs. Letitia Mathieson; £25,000, upon trust, for his grandson, William James Mathieson; £500 each to his executors, James Ewing Mathieson and John James Aubertin; £1000 to his old clerk and executor, Joseph Watling; and legacies to servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his daughters Emily Anne and Laura Mary, in equal shares, as tenants in common.

The will (dated April 6, 1882), with two codicils (dated May 7, 1883, and Oct. 14, 1886), of Sir George Burrows, Bart., M.D., F.R.S., late of No. 18, Cavendish-square, who died on Dec. 15 last, was proved on Feb. 3 by Arthur Burrows, the brother, Sir Frederic Abernethy Burrows, the son, and Alfred Willett, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £100,000. The testator bequeaths the marble bust of himself to the College of Physicians; such medical books and pamphlets as shall not be chosen by Alfred Willett to the library of St. Bartholomew's Hospital; and numerous specific gifts and legacies to relatives, friends, and servants. He charges his real and personal estate with the payment of such a sum as will bring the portions of his son, Ernest Pennington, and his daughter, Mrs. Rose Ellen Willett, up to £10,000 each. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his son, Sir Frederic Abernethy Burrows, Bart.

The will (dated Feb. 23, 1880) of Mr. Robert Verdin, J.P., M.P. for the Northwich Division of Cheshire, late of Brockhurst, Northwich, who died on July 25, 1887, was proved in the District Registry at Chester on Jan. 23, by Joseph Verdin and William Henry Verdin, the brothers and executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £76,000. The testator bequeaths £5000 to his brother Joseph; and £5000, upon trust, for each of his sisters, Mrs. Margaret Emily Cooke and Mary Verdin, and his brother John. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his two brothers, Joseph and William Henry, in equal shares.

The will (dated Oct. 3, 1887) of Mr. George Caleb Adkins, late of Lightwoods, Smethwick, Staffordshire, who died on Dec. 12 last, was proved in the District Registry of Lichfield on Jan. 17 by Mrs. Anne Adkins, the widow, Thomas Adkins, Walter William Wiggin, and George Anderson Adkins, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £57,000. The testator bequeaths £7000, and all his household furniture, pictures, silver, glass, live and dead farming stock and implements of agriculture to his wife, Mrs. Anne Adkins. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income thereof to his wife, for life, and at her death for his children in such shares as she shall by deed, will, or codicil appoint, but in default of such appointment, in equal shares.

The will (dated Feb. 10, 1887) of Mr. Andrew Macdonald Grote, late of Long Bennington, Lincolnshire, and Leveson Lodge, Clapham-common, who died on Nov. 29 last, was proved on Feb. 2 by Wilfred Hans Loder and John Banks, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £28,000. The testator, after confirming his marriage settlement, bequeaths £1000 and all his furniture and effects and farm stock and implements to his wife; £500 to John Banks; and £250 to Wilfred Hans Loder. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life, and at her death to his children; but, in default of children, to his sister and three cousins, in such shares as his wife shall appoint.

The will (dated July 2, 1887) of Mr. Thomas Heaton, late of Elland, Halifax, Yorkshire, woollen manufacturer, who died on Dec. 31 last, was proved on Feb. 2 by John Thomas Heaton, the son, and John Wood, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £25,000. The testator gives £1000 to his son, John Thomas; an annuity of £100 to his wife, Mrs. Eliza Ann Heaton; and £5000 each to his daughters, Ada Florence, and Henrietta. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his three sons, John Thomas, Robert Ellam, and William Henry.

The will (dated March 9, 1877), with two codicils (dated May 18, 1880, and Aug. 27, 1881), of Colonel Edward Goulburn, Grenadier Guards, late of Betchworth House, Betchworth, Surrey, who died on Nov. 2 last, was proved on Jan. 30 by Mrs. Maria Louisa Goulburn, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate exceeding £10,000. The testator bequeaths £1000 to his wife, and, subject thereto, leaves all his property, upon trust, for her, for life or widowhood; and, on her death or remarriage, he gives such a sum as will bring the portions of his younger sons up to £6000, and his daughter's to £5000. The ultimate residue he leaves to his eldest son, Henry.

The Hibbert lecturer this year will be the Rev. Dr. E. Hatch, of St. Mary's Hall, Oxford, and the subject will be the Greek influence on Christianity.

PRINCE BISMARCK IN THE REICHSTAG.

The Imperial Chancellor's speech on Monday, Feb. 6, in the Reichstag or Federal Diet of the German Empire at Berlin, was a commanding political success, and an event of European importance. Prince Bismarck, with his characteristic air of blunt frankness and earnestness, which has greater effect than any oratorical devices, exposed the main objects of German policy for the past quarter of a century, making them appear strictly defensive, upheld the close alliance with Austria, and professed the most pacific sentiments, while speaking amicably of Russia, and saying nothing that should give offence to France, but insisting on the necessity of a large increase of the German Army, which ought to be made strong enough to withstand any hostile coalition. Our Illustration of the scene during this memorable speech, which continued an hour and forty minutes, beginning at half-past one in the afternoon, will be regarded with interest. Prince Bismarck was rather paler than usual, and did not seem to be in good health; when he had spoken three-quarters of an hour, he became fatigued with standing, and sat down, but continued his speech from his seat. After a short time he again rose and remained standing to the end, making frequent pauses for refreshment, and drinking from a glass on the table, especially as he neared the close of his speech. During the whole of the first part the Reichstag preserved a deep silence, not broken by the slightest movement. The Imperial Chancellor, however, reminded his hearers that in 1863 it was due to the Emperor and his advisers that a coalition war with Russia had been avoided. Then applause for the first time broke out, and was renewed with greater vigour when the speaker laid it down as a necessity for Germany to be stronger than any other Power. At this point the speech took a more animated tone. As the House followed the description of the former position of Germany in Europe, and the pretensions of Russia at the Berlin Congress, the applause became mingled with laughter, and a hearty "Bravo!" was evoked by the words "We do not run after anybody." A more exalted feeling asserted itself when the Prince spoke of the might of the German Army, and expressed his contempt for the threats of foreign newspaper writers. The Royal gallery was occupied by Prince William of Prussia, accompanied by Count Perponcher. At the conclusion, hundreds of people surrounded the House of Parliament, waiting for the Chancellor. He had arrived in a carriage, but he returned home on foot. The crowd, which consisted of persons of all classes, followed him and cheered incessantly, waving pocket-handkerchiefs and hats. Two Bills for adding 700,000 men to the military forces of Germany in case of war, and raising a loan of nearly £14,000,000 sterling for the cost of their equipment, have been passed without opposition.

THE NEW HEBRIDES.

The Queen's Speech at the opening of the Session of Parliament stated that our Government has concluded an agreement with that of the French Republic, for the protection of life and property in the New Hebrides by a Joint Naval Commission. The small French force of troops or Marines lately stationed in one or two of those islands will have been withdrawn. Neither Great Britain nor France makes any claim to the sovereignty. They were discovered, in the eighteenth century, partly by Admiral Bougainville, partly by Captain Cook. They are situated to the north-east of the French colony of New Caledonia, above a thousand miles from the nearest part either of Australia or of New Zealand, forming, with the Banks' Islands, and Santa Cruz Islands, and Solomon Islands, which extend northward to near the Equator, that series of successive island groups called the Melanesian, from the negroid type of its native population. In the Polynesian islands, further to the east, beyond the Fiji, the natives are of an entirely different race, being of light brown complexion, with long, straight hair, and often handsomely formed, and superior in natural intelligence; there is a mixture of the races in some of the Fiji Islands, but they do not coalesce. The New Hebrides do not appear to be a suitable or desirable field for European colonisation; and their maritime position is less advantageous than it seems on the map, as the approach is often rendered inconvenient to sailing-vessels by the prevailing winds and currents. Havannah harbour, in Sandwich Island or Vate, is a fine sheltered piece of water, but exceedingly deep, where ships of war, as well as trading-vessels, occasionally call. In August last year, H.M.S. Nelson and H.M.S. Diamond were in that harbour; and the Sketches by two officers of H.M.S. Nelson—Lieutenant C. L. Otley, R.N., and Mr. Herbert William Richmond, midshipman, R.N.—with which we have been favoured, will be regarded with interest. Lieutenant Otley's sketch of the harbour shows huts and store-houses on the further shore, with the French flag over the guard-house; the force there consisted of about fifty French Marines. The only other French post in the New Hebrides was on the island of Mallicolo. In two of the accompanying Sketches are shown some Vate natives, who were employed in felling coco-palm trees for timber; one wore the cast-off shirt of a Frenchman, and an old European billycock hat. The native costumes are better represented in Mr. H. W. Richmond's sketches, taken on the smaller island of Erromanga, which has long been noted for the murder of Mr. John Williams, the English missionary, above half a century ago. An old man of Erromanga, with a large knife, and with a basket or bag of matting on his shoulder, is about to cut some banana fruit. The view of Dillon Bay, Erromanga, was sketched by Lieutenant Otley; the houses of the missionary station are seen amidst groves of oranges, limes, and coco-palms. The mountains behind, which are of volcanic origin, are densely covered with forests of tropical growth. The other islands, Pentecost, Ambrym, Api, Maewo, and Opa, present scenery not less wild and picturesque.

The Right Rev. W. W. How, D.D., Bishop Suffragan of Bedford, has been appointed to the bishopric of Wakefield.

We are glad to learn from *Truth* that efforts are being made to obtain a Civil List pension for Mrs. Dallas-Glyn, one of our very foremost teachers of elocution. By-the-by, her pupils begin a new term on March 2.

The cigarette-case, in the shape of a miniature railway truck, made in oak and silver, presented to Lord Derby on his turning the first turf of the St. Helens and Wigan Railway—an Engraving of which appeared in a recent issue—was manufactured by Messrs. Mappin and Webb at their Sheffield works.

POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK.

FEB. 18, 1888.

Subscribers will please to notice that copies of this week's number forwarded abroad must be prepaid according to the following rates:—To Canada, United States of America, and the whole of Europe, THICK EDITION, *Three-pence-halfpenny*; THIN EDITION, *One Penny*. To Australia, Brazil, Cape of Good Hope, China (via United States), Jamaica, Mauritius, and New Zealand, THICK EDITION, *Three-pence*; THIN EDITION, *One Penny*. To China (via Brindisi), India, and Java, THICK EDITION, *Four-pence-halfpenny*; THIN EDITION, *Three-pence*. Newspapers for foreign parts must be posted within eight days of the date of publication, irrespective of the departure of the mails.

OBITUARY.

LORD GEORGE QUIN.

Lord George Quin died, on Feb. 6, at 15, Belgrave-square, aged ninety-six. He was second son of Thomas, first Marquis of Headfort, by Mary, his wife, daughter and heiress of Mr. George Quin, of Quinsborough, in the county of Clare, and assumed by Royal license, in 1813, his mother's surname of Quin. He married, first, in 1814, Georgiana Charlotte, daughter of the second Earl Spencer, K.G.; and secondly, in 1847, Louisa Mary Isabella, daughter of Sir John Ramsden, Bart., which lady died in 1872.

LADY MARIAN ALFORD.

Lady Marian Margaret Alford, widow of John Hume, Viscount Alford, and mother of the present Earl Brownlow, died at Ashridge, Herts, on Feb. 8, aged seventy-one. Her Ladyship was elder daughter of the second Marquis of Northampton; was married, Feb. 10, 1841, to Viscount Alford, eldest son of the first Earl Brownlow; and had two sons, John William Spencer, the second Earl, and Adelbert Wellington, the present Earl Brownlow. Lord Alford died Jan. 3, 1851, during his father's lifetime. Lady Marian, an accomplished artist, has left many beautiful drawings and water-colour paintings. Her book on art-needlework is a standard authority on the subject.

SIR JOHN B. H. SOAME, BART.

Sir John Buckworth-Herne-Soame, eighth Baronet, of Sheen, in the county of Surrey, died at Ware, Herts, on Feb. 4. He was born June 21, 1794, the second son of Sir Buckworth Buckworth-Herne-Soame, sixth Baronet, who assumed the surname of Soame, in lieu of his patronymic Buckworth. Sir John succeeded to the title in 1860, at the decease of his brother, Sir Peter, Feb. 25, 1860, and married, Jan. 17, 1833, Lydia Hagger, by whom he had a son, Charles, who died unmarried, at Boston, United States, Dec. 9, 1878. The Baronetcy, which dates from 1697, now devolves on Charles of Dawley, Shropshire, M.R.C.S., eldest son of the late Mr. Charles Buckworth-Herne-Soame, third son of the sixth Bart.

SIR W. JOHNSTON.

Sir William Johnston, Knight, J.P. and D.L., Lord Provost of Edinburgh, 1849, 1850, and 1851, died at Kirkhill House, Gorebridge, on Feb. 7, in his eighty-sixth year. He was son of Mr. Andrew Johnston, of Edinburgh, was educated at the High School of that city, and in early life was personally acquainted with Sir Walter Scott. He founded the firm of W. and A. K. Johnston, the well-known geographical publishers. He married, first, in 1829, Margaret, only daughter of Mr. James Pearson, of Fala Mill (which lady died in 1865); and, secondly, in 1868, Georgiana Augusta Wilkinson, widow of the Rev. William Scoresby, D.D., and daughter of Mr. William Ker, of Gatheshaw. He received knighthood in 1851, on the occasion of her Majesty's visit in that year.

SIR HUGH HOYLES.

Sir Hugh William Hoyles, formerly Chief Justice of Newfoundland, died on Feb. 1, at the residence of his son-in-law, Colonel Norton Taylor, in Halifax, N.S., aged seventy-four. He was son of the late Newman Wright Hoyles, Colonial Treasurer of Newfoundland, was educated at Picton College, called to the Bar in 1837, elected to the Newfoundland Assembly in 1848, appointed Attorney-General in 1861, and Chief Justice of Newfoundland in 1865. He was knighted in 1869 and retired from the Bench in 1880. Sir Hugh married in 1842, Jean, daughter of Mr. John Liddell, of Halifax, N.S.

MARY HOWITT.

Mary Howitt, the poetess, widow of William Howitt, who also attained distinction as a writer, died, at Rome, on Jan. 30. She was born in 1799, the daughter of Mr. Botham, a well-to-do Quaker, of Uttoxeter, in Staffordshire, and married in 1823, whenceforward the joint authorship of husband and wife rendered the names of William and Mary Howitt popular and pleasant among a large class of readers. Their first appearance in print was in 1823, when "The Forest Minstrel" was published, and about the same time they contributed in prose and verse to the *Annals*. But Mary Howitt's longest and most remarkable work was "The Seven Temptations." The other productions of the Howitts were "The Rural Life of England," "Visits to Remarkable Places, Old Halls, and Battle-fields," and "The Boys' Country Book." Mary Howitt translated Frederika Bremer's novels and "The Improvisatore" of Hans Andersen.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Mr. James William Bowen, Q.C., on Feb. 8, at Plas-y-Bridell, in the county of Pembroke, aged sixty-eight.

Captain Francis Talbot Longworth Dames, Royal Artillery, eldest son of Captain Longworth Dames, of Greenhill, King's County, on Jan. 30, from the accidental discharge of his gun.

Mr. Alderman Boase, eight times Mayor of Penzance, and an alderman and councillor for nearly forty years, on Feb. 7, aged sixty-seven.

Mr. William West, actor and musical composer, aged ninety-three. Mr. West as early as 1802 made his debut on the stage as Cupid, and in after life he was an intelligent actor.

The Rev. F. Watkins, late Archdeacon of York, and one of her Majesty's earliest inspectors of schools, on Feb. 7, at Bourne-mouth, in his eightieth year.

Mr. Philip Charles Chenevix Trench, late Bengal Civil Service, brother of the late Archbishop of Dublin, on Feb. 9, aged seventy-eight.

Lieutenant-Colonel William Price, late Bengal Army, at his residence, Egerton House, Richmond, in the county of Surrey, on Feb. 7, in his 100th year.

Lieutenant-Colonel George Frederick Dallas, Knight of the Legion of Honour, late 46th Regiment, on Feb. 2, aged fifty-nine. He was grandson of the Right Hon. Sir Robert Dallas, Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas.

The Hon. Lady Scarlett (Charlotte Anne), widow of Lieutenant-General the Hon. Sir James Yorke Scarlett, G.C.B., and second daughter and coheir of Mr. John Hargreaves, of Ormerod House, Lancashire, on Feb. 9, aged eighty-two.

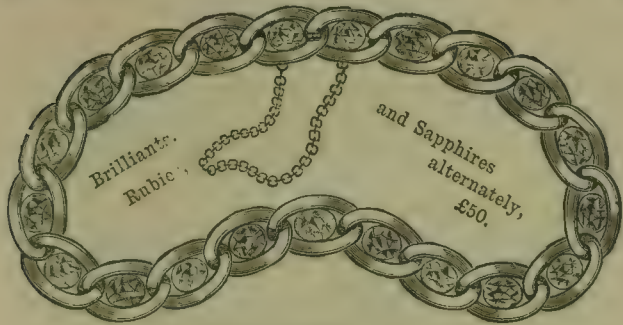
The Hon. Charles Preston, late Captain 24th Foot, fifth son of Jenico, twelfth Viscount Gormanston, by Margaret, his wife, daughter of the second Viscount Southwell, on Feb. 2, at St. Servan, Brittany, aged eighty-four.

Lady Francis Russell (Elizabeth), wife of Mr. John Loraine Baker and daughter of the Rev. Algernon Peyton, on Feb. 2, at Marine-parade, Dover. She was first married, in 1844, to Lord Francis Russell, son of the sixth Duke of Bedford, K.G.; and secondly, in 1873, to Mr. J. Loraine Baker.

Mr. William Robinson Robinson, of Silksworth Hall, in the county of Durham, J.P. and D.L., on Jan. 28, at his residence, Quedgeley House, Gloucester, in his eighty-fourth year. He was second son of Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Robinson Grey, of Norton, and assumed by Royal license, in 1838, the surname and arms of Robinson.

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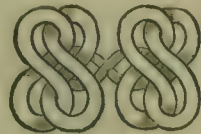
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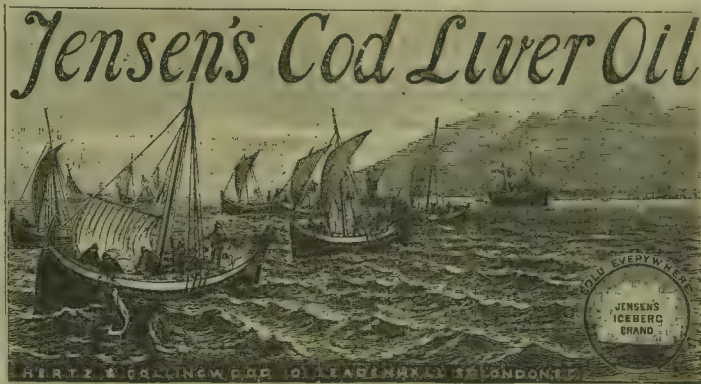
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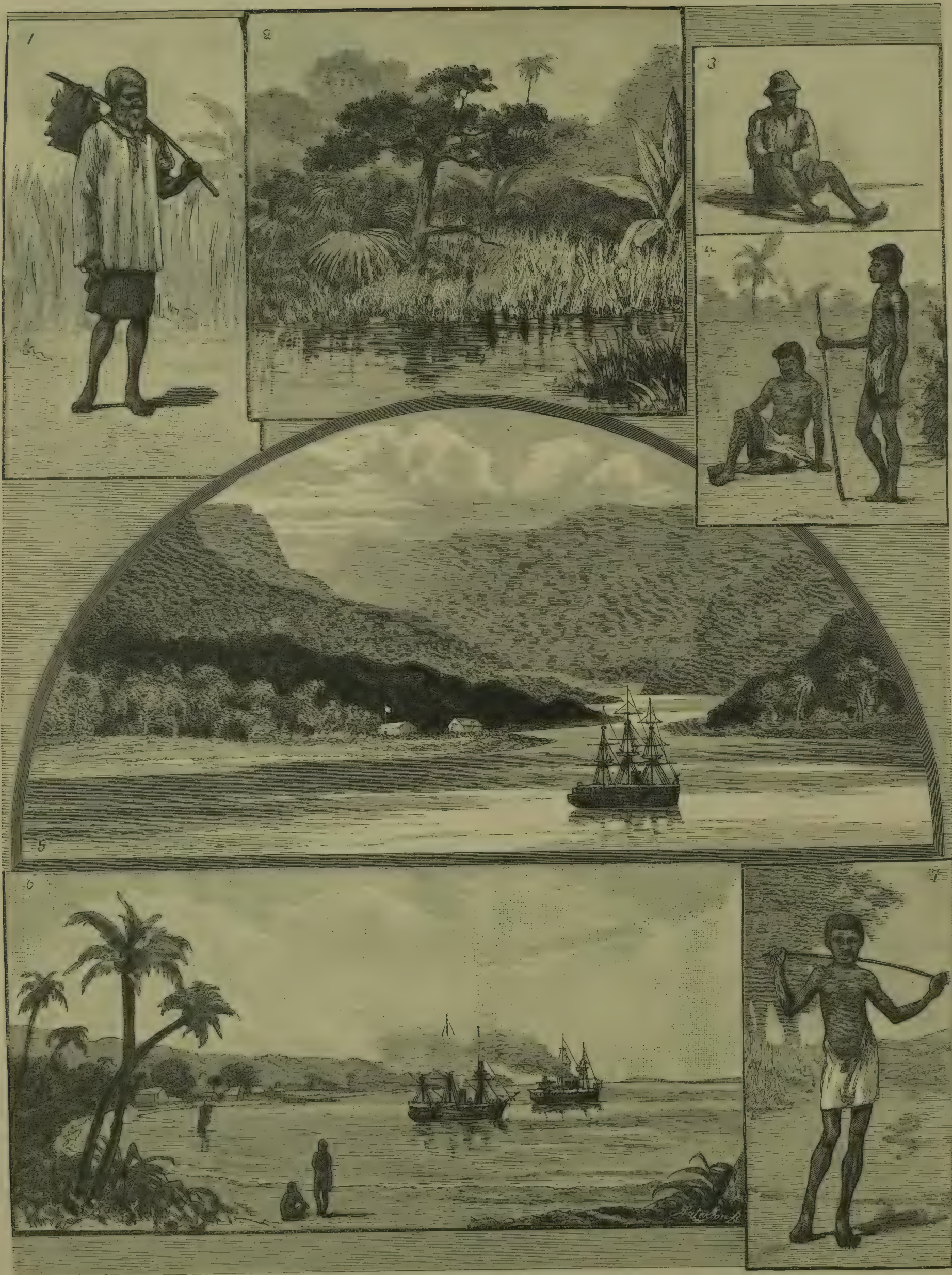
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7. Boy of Erromanga.



WILD WOLVES IN LONDON: AN INCIDENT AT SANGER'S AMPHITHEATRE.

FROM A SKETCH BY AN EYE-WITNESS.



A FIELD DAY AT HYTHE.

A FIELD DAY AT HYTHE.

A large proportion of the officers and men of our Army now go through the two months' course at the Hythe School of Musketry, some Illustrations of which have appeared in this Journal. No better site, probably, could be found for the purpose. The bullets rain harmlessly on miles of barren shingle, which has been collected here by the current sweeping around Dungeness Point. A remarkable monument of Roman antiquity, the ruin called the Castle of Stutfall, with walls of immense thickness, stands about three miles from the sea. It was built to guard the port of Lympe, and was one of five Roman forts, including also those of Rutupia (Richborough), near Sandwich, Dover, Winchelsea, and Pevensey, constructed for the defence of this coast. The castle seen on the crest of the hill, in our Illustration, is that of Lympe, which was built, in Norman times, by Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury, with materials taken from the ruins of the Roman building. Alongside the verge of the plain, beneath the hills, runs the Military Canal, which was made by Pitt's Government, with the martello towers on the coast, for its defence against Napoleon's projected invasion of England.

The supposition of some such foreign attack on our shores was the idea of the field day represented in the Sketch. Battles, however, at Hythe have not always been so bloodless as this was. In the crypt of the old church are six hundred skulls, ranged in it in grinning rows, supposed to be the remains of an adventurous army of Danes who paid the penalty of their lives for their hardihood in attacking our Saxon ancestors in the distant past. But the present field day had only for its object to test the effect with which dummies representing men would be hit when fired at by infantry and the machine-guns (lately adopted by our Government) in carrying out an attack in the orthodox manner. The enemy, who were supposed to have landed troops and guns, and to have entrenched themselves in front of the Martello tower to protect a disembarkation, were represented by rows of targets the size of a man's head and shoulders, as shown to the left of our Illustration. Our troops, hastily collected from the neighbourhood, were assembled to oppose the enemy's advance, and were formed up in three divisions—the fighting-line, the supports, and the reserves—and all hidden in a hollow to the right. A Nordenfeldt machine-gun was posted on the high hill, above the troops, to pour its rapid fire over their heads into the enemy at 1500 yards range. Another Nordenfeldt and two Gardner machine-guns were advanced, with a small supporting force of

infantry to guard them, under cover of the gorse bushes, as far as the house in the centre of the Sketch, to take the enemy in flank. Under the fire of the Nordenfeldt gun on the hill, our front attack was developed by the fighting line advancing, half at a time, by alternate rushes. Our machine-guns' flank attack now poured in a torrent of fire, when suddenly the enemy's cavalry (represented by canvas screens painted) appeared charging on their flank, only to be mown down by a few rapid volleys. To check our front attack, the enemy opened a flank attack from his right (represented by dummy targets being turned up in a trench). This had to be checked by a detached flank attack from our left, and then our front attack swept on, being reinforced, in turn, by the supports, and then, when close to the enemy's intrenchments, by the reserve. Every man being now in the fighting line, bayonets were fixed, and the trenches were carried with a cheer, and the enemy driven back to his boats. An air of reality was given to the attack by men who had expended their cartridges remaining where they were, on the ground, as if wounded. The greater part of the dummies were full of bullet-holes; and the enemy's gunners, who had been standing up, were swept away from their guns by the storm of fire. Lord Wolseley was present during the attack, and expressed himself much pleased with the manner in which it was carried out. We are indebted to Captain H. De H. Haig, R.E., for the Sketches we have engraved.

It has now been settled that the consecration of the two Suffragan Bishops of Marlborough and Shrewsbury (Archdeacons Earl and Stamer) will take place in St. Paul's Cathedral, on Feb. 24, at 9.30 a.m., and Prebendary Sandford, Vicar of Cornwood, Devon, has been appointed to preach the sermon.

M. Waddington, the French Ambassador, presided on Saturday evening at the twentieth annual festival of the French Hospital and Dispensary, held at Willis's Rooms; and he was supported by the Lord Mayor and many other gentlemen belonging to various nations. The report stated that 11,236 out-patients and 422 in-patients, belonging to more than twenty different nationalities, had been relieved during the year. It was announced that among the contributions to the fund for the proposed new hospital were £50 from the Queen, £2000 from the French Government, £100 from M. Waddington, and £1000 from the Orleans Princes. The total amount now reaches £10,400, leaving a similar amount still to be provided. Subscriptions to the amount of £2000 were announced.

WILD WOLVES IN LONDON.

A startling and rather alarming incident took place on Saturday night, Feb. 11, at Mr. George Sanger's Amphitheatre in Westminster Bridge-road. Eight Siberian wolves, purchased by Mr. Sanger, intended to be trained for performance in a provincial tour, had arrived that day, and were put into a cage or den in one of the stables behind the Amphitheatre. There were seventeen valuable performing horses in that part of the stables. After the evening performance, as usual, the premises were closed, leaving a few attendants and the keepers of the animals. About midnight, Mr. John Dee Humphreys, the lion and elephant tamer, heard a great noise, the parrots screeching and the horses neighing loudly; he ran to the stables, and found that all the wolves had got loose, and had attacked the celebrated performing mare Shrewsbury. They had pulled her down, and were gnawing at her neck and abdomen. One of the keepers courageously and skilfully got all the other horses safely out of the stable. "Alpine Charley," the trainer of the animals, and Mr. Oliver, the assistant manager, were quickly at hand; and Messrs. George and William Sanger, and Mr. Arthur Reeves, presently arrived. The mare which had been so terribly mangled was dead in a few minutes, and it was thought prudent to leave the wolves to devour her carcase, after which they became lazy and sleepy. On Monday afternoon the wolves were successfully secured. A new large iron cage had been received, and the door at one end of the stable was guarded by a party of men armed with sticks, who drove the wolves to the opposite side till the cage was placed in position and the door closed. The stable, which is built in the form of a triangle, was then surrounded, to prevent the escape of the brutes. The men then proceeded to the opposite corner where a door was opened, and "Alpine Charley," with an assistant, entered the den. The wolves growled ferociously, and it was expected that they would fly at the keepers. By the vigorous use of their sticks, however, the animals were kept at a distance, while a barrier was fixed to guide them to the cage. While this was being done one of the largest wolves showed fight, and flew at the men, but on receiving a tremendous blow from a stick one of the keepers carried, retired sullenly to the darkest corner. After some time, the animals were all securely fastened in their cage, the door of which was doubly locked and the keys handed over to the assistant manager. It is suspected that the wolves were maliciously let loose by some person lately discharged from Mr. Sanger's employment.

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This commenced on Jan. 3, and will continue every Tuesday
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Mean Temperature for Nov., Dec., Jan., Feb. .. 44°



He went with the women from shop to shop and carried their parcels for them.

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A HOUSE-BOAT.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER VIII.

"But now secure the painted vessel glides,
The sunbeams trembling on the floating tides:
While melting music steals upon the sky,
And softened sounds along the waters die;
Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gentle play—
Belinda smiled, and all the world was gay."

When, after dreary days of rain, one wakens some fine morning, and instinctively turns one's eyes towards the window, and finds that outside the blessed sunlight is pouring down on a cluster of scarlet geraniums—making the translucent petals a glory and wonder of colour—then joy rushes in upon the soul. We did not spend much time over dressing and breakfasting that morning; we were too eager to be out; and when at last we emerged from the inn, behold! all this town of Oxford had undergone a magic transformation. The grey houses had turned to yellow; over them there were masses of silver-white cloud slowly sailing through the blue; a soft, fresh wind was blowing; life and gladness were everywhere. Of course, we made straight away for Folly Bridge; and there the flooded and rapid river was glancing and shimmering in the sun; and the elms and chestnuts and poplars were all swaying and rustling in the breeze. It is true that our newly-acquired skipper and pilot—Captain Columbus, Miss Peggy had named him, on account of the unknown regions into which he was about to conduct us—as he looked down from the bridge on the swollen and rushing stream, seemed to think it would be rather a tough job to get the Nameless Barge round by the Isis to the first lock of the canal; and the young lad who was to act as driver—the Horse-Marine we proposed to call him, with reference to his double duties—was lounging about with a certain air of indifference; while Murdoch, being wholly ignorant of this kind of sailing, was discreetly silent. But we were anxious to make a start; and so it was arranged that, as our women-folk had still some things to purchase (not knowing when they might see a shop again), we should go back through the town, and meet our boat later on at the beginning of the canal, if peradventure the crew were able to take her thither.

Now, whether it was that this gay morning had raised Miss Peggy's spirits, and thereby in a measure softened her heart, or whether it was that she was bent on a little wilful mischief after having played Miss Propriety—to perfection, be it said—during these past few days, she was now showing herself a good deal kinder to Jack Duncombe, and he was proportionately grateful, as he went with the women from shop to shop and carried their parcels for them. Perhaps it would be more generous to say that she was merely giving the rein to her natural good-humour—for she was a friendly kind of creature, and not apt to take offence. Anyhow, if Jack Duncombe was pleased by her marked amiability, he was not

too obviously overwhelmed. If he was ready, on small encouragement, to become her slave, he wore his chains with a certain lightness of heart, or cunningly professed to do so. And this entirely won the approval of our Governor-General-in-Petticoats, who smiled benignly on them both, and seemed to think they were very good children indeed.

"Oh, yes, it's all right," she says (and, of course, she knows everything), as we are putting our traps together at the hotel. "They're only in fun. I fancied once or twice that Peggy meant serious mischief, and the way she played you off against him was very clever—oh, yes, very skillful indeed; but I really think she will let him alone now. I suppose she sees that she could do for him if she chose, and that is enough for Peggy. Besides, she has had a fair turn at it these last few days."

"Why, you said yourself to her last night that she had behaved herself perfectly!"

"So she did; it wasn't her fault that the men made idiots of themselves. I wonder if that Mr. A'Becket will really come out to see us to-morrow. I shouldn't be a bit surprised; but as for his overtaking us by walking along the canal-bank—well, I know what that meant—that was to give Peggy the notion that he was a tremendous athlete, and could do his five miles an hour with perfect ease. An athlete—in a black frock coat with long tails, and his hat on the back of his head!"

"My dear, when intellect bulges out a man's forehead, so that he has to wear his hat on the back of his head, it is not a matter for scorn, but for reverence. Mr. A'Becket is a Fellow of his college. He has written several letters to the *Times* on the important subject of Elementary Education. His 'Critical Studies of the Cartesian Philosophy' are read and admired wherever—wherever—well, wherever they are to be found."

"He has got long front teeth, and his eyes are like boiled gooseberries," she says, with the maddening irrelevance of womankind; and that ends the discussion.

We went to the Canal Company's office to get our permit, and then walked along to the first lock—a little toy-box kind of basin it looked; and there we loitered about for a while in expectation of the Nameless Barge making its appearance. Time passed, and there was no sign. Of course it was all very well for those young people to be placidly content with this delay, and to heed nothing so long as they could stroll up and down in the sunlight and the blowing winds—her eyes from time to time showing that he was doing his best to amuse her; but more serious people, who had been reading in the morning papers of the hurricanes and inundations that had recently

prevailed over the whole country, and whose last glimpse of the Isis was of a yellow-coloured stream rushing like a mill-race, began to be anxious. Accordingly, it was proposed, and unanimously agreed, that we should make our way back along the river-bank, to gain some tidings.

When, at length, we came in sight of our gallant craft and her composite crew, we found that Captain Columbus was making preparations for getting her under a bridge, and also that about half the population of Oxford had come out to see the performance. When we looked at the low arch, and at the headstrong current, it was with no feelings of satisfaction: nevertheless we all embarked, to see what was about to happen, and Murdoch took the tiller, while the tow-rope was passed to the Horse-Marine. Now, we should have run no serious risk but for this circumstance: half of the bridge had recently fallen down, and the authorities, instead of rebuilding it, had contented themselves with blocking up the roadway. Accordingly, when, as we had almost expected, the Nameless Barge got caught under the arch, we found the masonry just above our heads displaying a series of very alarming cracks; and the question was as to which of those big blocks, loosened by the friction of the boat, would come crashing down on us. However, the worst that befell us was that we got our eyes filled with dust and our hands half-flayed with the gritty stone, and eventually we were dragged through, and towed to a place of seclusion, where we could have our lunch in peace, the populace having been left behind by that opportune obstruction.

And that was but the beginning of our new experiences: for when—Columbus and the Horse-Marine having re-appeared—we went on to the first lock of the canal, we found the toy-basin so narrow that we had to detach our fenders before we could enter. Then came another bridge that had almost barred our way by reason of the lowness of the arch. And that again was as nothing to the succeeding bridges we encountered as we got into the open country—drawbridges that had to be tilted up by hand, their rough beams hanging over us at an angle, and threatening to tear the roof off our floating house. Nevertheless, we managed to get on somehow, and these recurrent delays and difficulties only served to give variety and incident to our patient progress. Fortunately, the weather befriended us, though there was too much of an April look about. There were dazzling white clouds, and ominous purple ones; there were dashes of deep-blue sky; bursts of vivid sunlight sweeping over the level landscape; buttercups and marigolds nodding here and there in the marshes. A Constable day; but without waterproofs, luckily. Queen Tita remarked that it was no wonder England excelled in landscape art, for no other country was possessed of so much weather, and the painters got every possible chance.

We passed the quiet little hamlet of Woolvercot, the only living creatures visible being some white geese on the green; and shortly thereafter we stopped our noble vessel for a second or two, and got out for a stroll along the tow-path. And a very pleasant stroll it was; the air was soft and sweet, the sunlight was more general now, and lay warmly on the hawthorn hedges and the grassy banks. Of course, Miss Peggy was busy with her study of English wild-flowers; and the young man who seemed rather glad to be her attendant did what he could to assist her; and as she got together wild hyacinths, and primroses, and speedwells, and forget-me-nots, and Rosalind's "daisies pied and violets blue," she sometimes hummed or whistled a bit of the "Green Bushes" tune that had apparently got into her head.

"I sha'n't forget to write out that song for you," said her companion—as if the assurance was needed!

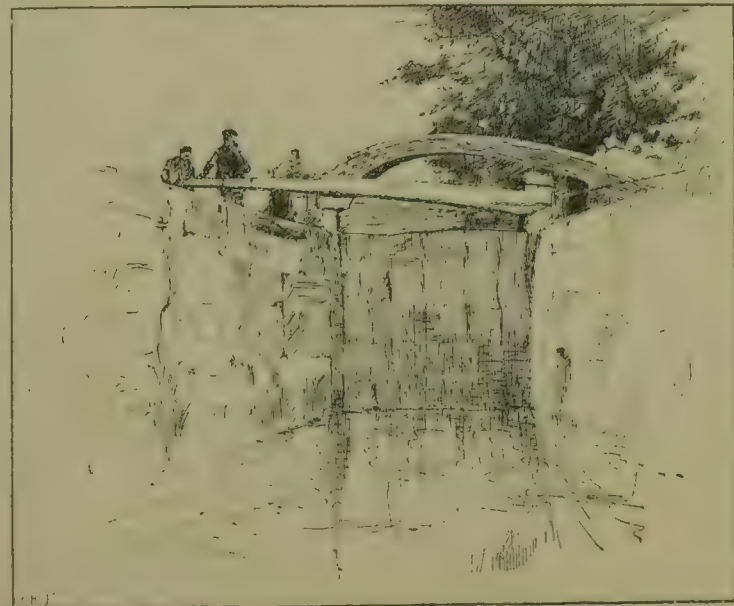
"I think I know the air," she answered, "if you will kindly give me the words."

"Oh, you'd better let me write out the whole thing complete," he said. "Some day or other you may come across it, when you are away in America; and then it may remind you of this trip—and of some English friends," he made bold to add.

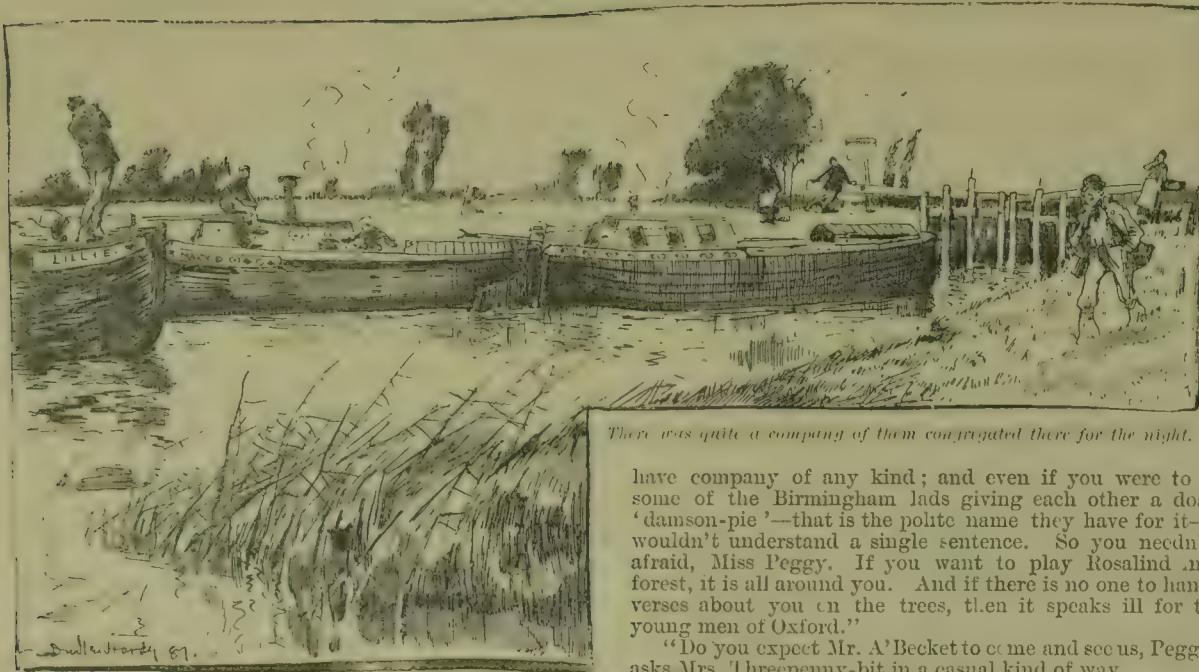
"I am not likely to forget either," said Miss Peggy, quietly, and without any embarrassment. Indeed, the relations that now existed between these two—for the moment, at least—were such as to command universal approval. She was kind to him, but not over-kind; while he was very attentive to her, but in a modest and respectful way. What, then, had become of the rather patronising air with which he had spoken of our Peggy, before he had ever set eyes on her? There was remarkably little of that now. Miss Peggy had quickly enough taught him "his place"; and though he was as eager and gay and talkative as ever—and as full of all kinds of literary and dramatic projects, which he recklessly inter-mixed with the sober and steady business of our sailing—still there was always something in his manner towards Miss Peggy that showed that "patronage" was far from being in his mind.

It turned out a clear and golden afternoon; and the westerling light lay softly on the foliage of the willows and elms, on the wide and silent meadows where the cattle were, and on the banks nearer us that were yellow with buttercups.

"Why," says our young American friend, turning round for a moment, "this is not the least like what I expected. You would never think this was a canal—it is more like an exceedingly pretty and peaceful river. I thought a canal was a grimy place; and that we should have a good deal of rough



First Canal Lock.



There was quite a company of them congregated there for the night.

company—indeed, I was quite prepared to put cotton-wool in my ears. But this is just beautiful; and we have it all to our lives."

"The canals are grimy enough in some places," one says to her, "especially in the north; but we shall avoid these, as far as possible, and take you through nothing but primrose and cowslip country, so that you may fancy yourself Chloe, or Daphne, or Phoebe, and weave posies for yourself all day long, if you like. As for rough company, we don't seem to

have company of any kind; and even if you were to hear some of the Birmingham lads giving each other a dose of 'damson-pie'—that is the polite name they have for it—you wouldn't understand a single sentence. So you needn't be afraid, Miss Peggy. If you want to play Rosalind in the forest, it is all around you. And if there is no one to hang up verses about you on the trees, then it speaks ill for those young men of Oxford."

"Do you expect Mr. A'Becket to come and see us, Peggy?" asks Mrs. Threepenny-bit in a casual kind of way.

Miss Peggy glances rather swiftly at Jack Duncombe (who is quite imperturbable), and makes answer—

"How can I know? He is your friend."

"That was really a beautiful basket of roses he brought you yesterday afternoon," her hostess again remarks.

"I have just given them to Murdoch," the young lady says, with much simplicity. "They ought to look very pretty on the dinner-table."

And not only was Miss Peggy surprised and charmed by the pastoral character of this portion of her voyage, but also she was much interested in our getting through the locks. These rude little wooden boxes seemed to have been left for us years and years ago; and as there was no one in charge of them—nor any living creature visible near them—we had to

open and shut them for ourselves, thereby getting a sufficient amount of occupation and exercise. Jack Duncombe, of course, was chief engineer on such occasions, co-operating with the Captain; and it is well to allow young men of superfluous energy to have their way, especially when there is a fair spectator looking on whose favour they wish to obtain. Indeed, young Duncombe had been so obliging all day—so dexterous and indefatigable, and full of resource when we were in any small difficulties—that we thought him entitled to some consideration at the hands of our pretty Miss Peggy. And as for the man in the long coat, with his hat on the back of his head? Well, he might walk his five miles an hour till he was blue in the face, but there was no opinionated metaphysician going to make any part of the voyage with us. We should take care of that.

Whether the little hamlet of Hampton Gay is so-called in remembrance of certain historical high jinks, or whether it obtained its name from the prevailing character of its people, we could not learn; and all that we saw of the place was an odd little church-spire peeping up from among the trees. Almost immediately thereafter we came to a lock, and, having passed through that, emerged into the swift-flowing and osiered Cherwell. Here abundant evidence of the recent floods was all around us—wide stretches of meadow had been turned into a continuous lake, with nothing to be seen but pollard-willows and half-submerged masses of marsh-marigold; the tow-path was under water, as our young friend Murdoch, being ashore, discovered to his cost, for he had to pick and splash his way along, while Columbus and the Horse-Marine had mounted their gallant steed and rode secure; and the Cherwell itself was coming down in extraordinary volume and with tremendous force. In fact, as this is a quite candid history, the writer of it will here confess—for the guidance of anyone who may attempt a similar expedition—that he was very nearly being the death of all those members of the party who happened to be afloat. Steering at the time, and observing that the heaviest rush of the river was along the western shore, he naturally thought he could cheat the current by edging out towards mid-stream, and proceeded to do so with all imaginary caution. But the moment the heavy weight of water got a grip of the bow, the boat was twisted round, so that the full force of the stream bore down upon her broadside on; while the strain of the tow-rope, acting at this awkward angle,



"You would never think this was a canal—it is more like an exceedingly pretty and peaceful river."

proceeded to tilt us over in a very alarming fashion. It was an affair of only a moment or two; for by jamming the tiller over she was presently righted; and beyond a scream from the women, and a ghastly rattle of crockery in Murdoch's pantry, nothing happened. But it convinced us of two things: first, that it was well for us that the Nameless Barge had been constructed below on the lines of an ordinary boat, instead of being a flat-bottomed punt; and, secondly, that the steersman of a vessel that is being towed by a horse, should not try to be too clever when the stream is in heavy flood.

We were now to understand why it was we had come so far without encountering a single canal-barge. We arrived at a lock where there was quite a company of them congregated there for the night, afraid to face that furious current—or, rather, not afraid of facing it, but of being carried down by it, to the destruction of all proper steering-way. And where was the griminess of these barges, now that we were amongst them? They were uncommonly smart, we thought. They were gay with landscapes painted in brilliant hues of scarlet and white, and yellow and purple—comprising Italian villas, cascades, snow-peaks, mountain bridges, and all kinds of romantic things; and there was a sententious simplicity about their names—"The Staff of Life," "Live and Learn," and so forth. As for the people, they seemed a quiet and civil folk; the men lent us a helping hand in getting through; the women—who were tidily furnished with head-gear, if their faces seemed hardened by exposure to wind and weather—eyed us as we passed with a natural curiosity; while some of the small fry popped out their heads to have a look.

"Poor little wretches!" says Queen Tita. "I hope they are not worried much by the school-inspectors. At all events, their life ought to be a good deal wholesomer and happier than the life of children in the London slums. They must get fresh air—in the daytime, at least; and they must get to know all about country things. Do you remember the story of the bird's-nest being taken into a ward in a children's hospital in London, and hardly one of the poor little things able to tell what it was? They call for education and education, and they cram a lot of useless stuff into small brains that only get stupefied by it; and then you take some poor little fellow out into the country, and he can't tell the difference between a buttercup and a dandelion; and a sheep frightens him, and a mile's walking tires him!"

"Madam, will you please to speak less disrespectfully," one of us interposes, "of a system that has been established by the collective wisdom of the country? I tell you that by means of education you can do everything!"

"Except teach people how to live!"

"If you want to see what education can do, look at America!"

"At America!" she says (for Peggy is not within hearing at the moment)—"at America—that makes no shame of walking away with the surplus of the Alabama money buttoned up in its pocket! I suppose that is the effect of education on the national conscience?"

"I tell you again that you do not understand the blessings of education. Why don't you consult some capable authority, and have your invincible ignorance removed? Why don't you consult Mr. Algernon A'Becket, now?"

"Mr. Algernon A'Becket!" she says. But she stops short, for here comes Miss Peggy; and of course her innocent mind is not to be prejudiced against any person (whatever may be the colour of his eyes or the peculiarity of his front teeth) who has shown an exceptional interest in her.

Meanwhile, we had sailed once more into the silences; and the clear and golden afternoon had become a clear and golden evening; and the wide sheets of water, lying along the meadows, shone with a glory that the eyes could hardly bear. And perhaps it was that dazzling light, and the beautiful colour in the higher heavens, and our own solitariness, that made Queen Tita say, rather wistfully,

"I could almost think we were lying becalmed in Loch-na-Keal, and looking out to the west—to Little Colonsay, and Staffa, and the Dutchman. Ah! Peggy: we have something to show you yet before you go back home!"

"More beautiful than this?" says the girl; for she is a contented creature, and happy in her surroundings, whatever they may be. "But it isn't fair to ask you. Why, you are just like Murdoch. Do you know what he did yesterday? He had got a newspaper sent him from Scotland, from some friend of his; and he brought it to me, and showed me an advertisement of a yacht for sale—a full description of it—and he wanted me to take it to you and persuade you to either buy or hire her for the autumn. He did not say anything against this trip; but you could see what he was thinking."

"And what did you say to him?"

"I told him I could hardly do that, for it would look as if I were asking you to take me with you."

"But will you come, Peggy?" immediately and eagerly asks this brazen piece of audacity, who seems to assume that whenever she and any girl-friend of hers—who happens to have pretty eyes, and pretty ways, and a weakly-pretended contempt for men—choose to plan out a further holiday for themselves, a yacht must be provided for them forthwith,

irrespective of the trifling question of cost. Fortunately, Miss Peggy has a little more common-sense.

"Don't tempt me," she says. "From the way you speak of all those places, I know it must be just beyond anything. But the 'old folks at home' will be thinking I have been away long enough. And, besides, it isn't wise to exhaust all your pleasures at once. You will let me look forward to going with you, some day, to your pet places; and it will be something



Woolvercot.



Hampton Gay Bridge.

to think about, and dream about, when I am thousands of miles away from you."

"Well, that is a bargain, Peggy," says Mrs. Threepenny-bit; and she puts her hand within the girl's arm. "Whenever you have the opportunity of coming with us for a month, or two months, in the summer or autumn, we will go on a yachting cruise together—and then you will see something. For I consider you have been a very good girl, and quite a pattern of behaviour, and I will give you a certificate of character whenever you want it."

Now, what moved Miss Peggy, almost directly thereafter, to the following piece of mischief? The present writer is convinced that it was simply the transparent honesty of the girl, who knew well enough that she was not deserving of the praise bestowed on her, and was resolved to amend Mrs. Threepenny-bit's too high estimate of her. When the elder of the two women said—

"Come along, Peggy; I see Murdoch is lighting the candles—we must get ready for dinner."

Miss Peggy, instead of immediately following, lingered for a moment.

"Have you got the little cigar-cutter I gave you?" she said, in a rapid undertone.

"I should think I have!"

"Can't you fasten it on again to your watch-chain?"

"In a kind of a way."

"Well, do! I want you to wear it at dinner. You'll see something."

A little while thereafter, in obedience to Murdoch's summons, we found ourselves taking our places at table; and the first thing we discovered was that Miss Peggy had had time to change her dress, and now wore a very pretty and simple costume that seemed to suit her excellently well. Of some slightly roughish material it was, and cream-white, with vertical blue stripes; and at the neck, just underneath the plain linen collar, there was a band of dark blue velvet. It was on this dark band that there gleamed conspicuous an oblong silver ornament, which the person sitting next her instantly recognised as a pencil-case ingeniously set as a brooch. The jeweller in Oxford deserved credit for this piece of workmanship; and certainly he could not have been long over it.

For the first few minutes the new trinket remained unnoticed; but presently Queen Tita's attention was caught by it; and at once she put down the spoon she held in her hand.

"Well, upon my word," she exclaimed. "Before my very eyes! Did you ever see such disgraceful effrontery!"

And then she glanced across the table.

"And look at the other one!—look what he has at his watch-chain!" she says to Jack Duncombe. "Did you ever see such shamelessness in a Christian country? I wish my two sons were here—they wouldn't see their mother insulted!"

"But I have only done what you yourself suggested!" says Miss Peggy, with an air of simple wonder that was beautiful to behold. "Don't you remember it was your own suggestion?—and I thought it was so kind of you and so clever of you to think of it!"

"Yes; and why the secrecy? Why the sneaking out in Oxford, and never a word said about it? Why the conspiracy to spring a surprise on us?"

"But you had so many things to attend to in Oxford that I thought I needn't bother you with my small affairs," says Miss Peggy; and the perfect candour of her eyes would have bamboozled an Old Bailey lawyer out of his wits.

"Your small affairs, you wretch! Do you think you can impose on me with your pretended innocence?"

"Don't you pay any attention to them, Miss Peggy," one of us says to her. "What do they understand about faithfulness and devotion? I suppose they thought, when they took you away from the simple pleasures of the country, and plunged you into the wild whirl of gaieties at Oxford?"

"Tea and talk!" says Peggy.

"That you would forsake old friends. When they led you away through dazzling halls, and would distract you with a thousand revelries, they little dreamed that there was still constancy in your heart. How could they know that one always returns—no matter what comes between—to one's first loves?"

"I wonder how many you would have to return to, if you began," says Queen Tita, spitefully.

"They fancied that the sympathy between two kindred souls was to be destroyed by three and a half days' gallivanting about Oxford! And callous and unfeeling worldlings might think so too; but we will show them something different; we will be a lesson to them; our constancy will be celebrated in legend and ballad!"

"Yes," says Miss Peggy, with eyes cast down. "And out of her grave there grew a red rose; and out of her knight's a sweet-brier."

"Precisely so. I know they will quote us in song and story, as a shining example:—

Jeunesse trop coquette,
Écoutez la leçon
Que vous fait Henriette,
Et son amant Damon."

"Are you listening to them?" says Queen Tita to her neighbour, in awestruck tones.

"Yes," says Jack Duncombe, "it *does* sound a little improper."

"And to think that a simple Highland lad like Murdoch should be coming and going—I wonder what his opinion is!"

As the simple Highland lad happened to come in at this moment, she had to stop her envious chatter; and was fain to turn to her companion with some idle request that he should pass the salt.

All this time, it must be remembered, we were steadily and silently gliding through the now fast darkening country. As to where we were, or where we should pass the night, we had not the remotest idea. For one thing, our studies of Ordnance Survey maps had at least taught us this—that canals are not as other highways. The ancient highways, such as rivers and roads, have had centuries and centuries to draw population to them, so that the life of a district is mostly visible there; while the chief modern line of communication, the railway, has generally been engineered so as to pick up any considerable villages in its course. But the peculiar difficulties in the construction of canals have, in the majority of instances, prevented their projectors from doing much beyond aiming at the chief objective points; so that, when you leave one of these—such as Oxford, or Nipton, or Warwick, or Rugby, as a rule you find yourself going through districts that are apparently uninhabited. If a foreigner were to see England in this way, he would find it hard to give credence to the familiar statistics about relative proportion of population to area in this and other countries. Of course, it mattered nothing to us whether we were near a village or not. We had our house with us, and were well content to be without neighbours. Our only concern was that Captain Columbus, the horse, and the Horse-Marine should find quarters for the night; and as Columbus

professed himself well acquainted with the Oxford Canal, at least, we had no immediate anxiety on that score.

Dinner over, Jack Duncombe, without any entreaty or apology, handed Miss Peggy her banjo; and she, good-naturedly, took that proceeding as a matter of course. First of all, to try the strings, she played the "Daisy" clog-dance, which met with much approval. Then she said—

"Did you ever hear the tragic story of Dinah Snow?"

We had never heard it.

"Well, I will sing it to you; and you must all join in the chorus, mind. This is the chorus."

She played a few notes of prelude—that at once struck us as strangely familiar—and beautiful, too—and then she sang—

"O my witching Dinah Snow, O my witching Dinah Snow,
She met her death by drowning in the river Ohio."

"But wait a minute, Peggy," interposes Mrs. Threepenny-bit, in considerable wonderment. "Why, that's 'The Wearing of the Green'!"

"Of course it is," says Miss Peggy, complacently.

"What a shame!"

"I don't see that. I suppose no one knows what were the words originally sung to those old airs!"

"Quite right—hear, hear!" Peggy's faithful ally ventures to put in.

"And the story of Dinah Snow is as pathetic as anything you could wish for. Now listen; and don't forget the chorus."

We began to think that Miss Peggy was making a fool of us on this occasion; for, although she sang the song with much feeling, still there was a curious ingenuousness about the words which provoked doubt. What could one make of this?—

"'Twas a dark and dreary night, the stormy winds did blow,
She went on board the horse-bo to cross the Ohio;
The waves ran high and in the deep her graceful form did go,
The river's cold embrace received my pretty Dinah Snow."

This piece of literature, it must be confessed, puzzled us; and it is just possible that Miss Peggy might have been sharply brought to task for singing a comic song to one of the finest of the old Irish airs, had she not put such evident good faith into her rendering of it. So we all, in such dulcet tones as Heaven had dealt to us, bewailed the fate of poor Dinah Snow; and then, mercifully to cheer us up a bit, our pretty Peggy sang, "There's a happy little home down in Southern Tennessee," and several others that we had established as favourites since she first came among us with her banjo and her audacious ways.

Now, it may be observed that Queen Tita is easily taken captive by a contralto voice; and when the girl ceased for a moment or so, she said—

"Peggy, I wish you were 'a wave of the sea'—you remember the nice things that were said to Perdita; and that you could go on for ever. And it's awfully good of you to have brought your banjo with you. What should we do to show our gratitude to you? Would you like a testimonial? Or a vote of thanks?"

Instantly there is a flash of wicked triumph in Miss Peggy's eyes.

"May I wear this brooch, then?" she asks.

But the little woman is equal to the occasion.

"That brooch?" she answers, with much indifference.

"Why, of course. What do I care? He may give a brooch to every woman in the country, for anything it matters to me. And you needn't suppose you are the only favoured one," she adds, with a perfectly gratuitous malice.

"At all events, I know the sort of brooch you should wear," one says to her. "It ought to have dark blue stones in it. And then one could call you Sapphira with impunity—and with truth."

"In the meantime," says Mr. Jack Duncombe, not without some reason, "don't you think we should ask Columbus whether he has any notion where he is going to find lodgings for the night? It must be getting late; and they can't go wandering about the country in the dark, searching for a public-house and a stable."

So therewithal the young man rose and went outside. But he had not been gone a second when he returned.

"If you will come out now," he said, "you will see the most surprisingly beautiful thing you ever saw in your life, I believe. And you needn't wrap up," he considerably added to the women-folk; "the air is quite soft and mild."

Nevertheless, they lingered for a moment to put some light shawl or kerchief round their head or shoulders; and then they passed out from the saloon on to the piece of deck at the prow. And, indeed, it was no wonder they were struck wholly silent by the marvellous scene they now found all around them. In the cloudless violet-hued heavens there shone a full golden moon; jet-black were the trees and bushes near us, and also the shadow along the bank; but the surface of the canal, away behind us, was of a pale and mystic grey; and that, again, was broken by the divergent ripples we left in our wake, each of these ripples catching the moonlight and becoming a line of quivering fire. This boat, indeed, stealing through the silence and the mysterious dusk, seemed like some great white moth, with long and sinuous wings of silver; and the creature had red eyes, too—for the windows were lit; and noiselessly it crept on beneath the black overhanging boughs. The whole thing was very ghostly; it sounded quite pleasant to hear the cheerful voice of Captain Columbus—who we could scarcely make out in the shadow of the trees—return assurances that he knew perfectly well where he was, and would soon bring us to our moorings for the night.

Nevertheless, it was some little time thereafter before we were finally made fast, and saw the dark figures of the two men and the horse disappear along the grey tow-path, leaving us to the silence of this perfect moonlight night. As to where we were we had not the faintest notion; nor did it matter one jot. Jack Duncombe and the writer of these pages considered they might profitably smoke their final cigar outside, and Queen Tita and Miss Peggy, the latter with her banjo, were so kind as to come and sit in the stern-sheets with us.

"On a night like this," said our young American friend, "isn't it a pity we haven't some beautiful music? The tinkling of a banjo spoils everything."

"Peggy," said Queen Tita, putting her hand on the girl's arm for a moment, "sing 'My old Kentucky home.'"

Thereupon Miss Peggy—who is the soul of good-nature when there is no mischievous project in her head—took up her banjo and began to sing, and very well did her rich contralto voice sound in the stillness of these slumbering woods and fields. One could not help wondering what some belated rustic would have thought of it all if he had chanced upon us on his way home: the black trees and the grey canal showing no sign of life; that spectral white thing moored in there among the willows, with its motionless points of red-fire; the silence all around absolute but for the strange singing of a woman's voice.

Well, it was a pleasant night; and I don't know how late we sat up, or did not sit up. We felt very much alone, and yet—somehow or other—we were not greatly discontented with our solitude.

(To be continued.)

A YOUNG CIVILIAN IN INDIA.

The successful competitor for an appointment in the Indian Civil Service has gone through much hard study, and has acquired some knowledge of Asiatic languages, history, and law, besides English and classical scholarship, before he arrives in India. But he then finds himself obliged to gain a practical acquaintance with the peculiar customs of life, and the social and domestic manners of his fellow-countrymen and their families belonging to the same privileged class; and the Hindostanee vocabulary, of which he has learnt a little, must soon be enlarged for needful directions to a numerous retinue of native servants. On leaving the railway station after his journey up country, from the port where he landed, it is necessary to tell the "ghariwallah," the driver of a one-horse vehicle, laden atop with the passenger's boxes and port-manteaux, where he wants to be conveyed. The next time he is on the road, he may be reclining in a palanquin, or litter, which swings from poles borne swiftly along by four half-naked men, trotting on the path that leads through a forest, where merry monkeys swarm on the branches of the trees, and chatter in amazement as if they never saw a white man's face before. The amenities of good European society are not wanting at the residence of an official superior, the Collector of the District, whose hospitable wife and amiable daughter invite this young gentleman to tea. He may remain some time as their guest, daily taking a seat beside his respected Chief in the "cutcherry," or court of justice, and trying to understand the cases brought forward by litigious plaintiffs, or resisted by unscrupulous defendants. After these judicial labours, while the fatigued responsible senior falls asleep in his rocking-chair, this sprightly youth has some agreeable converse with the daughter of his worthy host. She is fond of dancing, but partners are scarce at that remote station, and she will condescend to give him a lesson when he modestly confesses that it has been a neglected part of his education. She is also a good rider, and will expect him to take courage and be her companion on horseback, for which, to all appearance, he has not been sufficiently prepared in his English home. After a few months of this friendly discipline, beginning to comprehend his routine duties, and to deserve commendation for his punctuality and attention, he pronounces an Indian life "awfully jolly," and expresses this satisfaction to a comrade, sitting with him over the cigarettes and brandy-soda of their hours of ease. But official life has its imperative conditions, and he is at the disposal of Government, whose orders before long consign him to undesired preferment in sole charge of a sub-division far removed from the dwelling-place of his agreeable friends. Happily, being a youth of good connections and expectations, he is in a position to offer his heart and hand to the Collector's daughter, who is willing to share his lot, and the consent of her parents seems to be taken for granted; for marriages are made in India, under favourable circumstances, as promptly as in any country of the world.

ART MAGAZINES.

An excellent etching of "Ho! Ho! Old Noll!" after the picture by J. Pettie, R.A., exhibited at the Manchester Royal Jubilee Exhibition, forms the frontispiece to the February number of the *Art Journal*, which also contains an illustrated article on "Some French Historic Dogs," which is very interesting. Among the other contents of the number are "Notes on Japan and its Art Wares," and a continuation of the "Seine as a Painting-ground," which, however, is not so well illustrated as it might be, the "process" engravings not being very successful. In the reviews and art notes of the month there is a brief summary of all that is worth knowing in the world of art.

We find in the current number of the *Magazine of Art* what we usually find in that work—some excellent engravings and a varied series of articles, all more or less attractive. Not that all the illustrations are faultless—for instance, the frontispiece, "Virginia," a photograph after J. Bertrand. No student of Nature will accept the rendering of the waves behind the figure, nor perhaps the metallic drapery of the figure itself. But these are the faults of the painter. The illustrations of current art are excellent. "Alone by the Broad," after Alfred Parsons, is first rate; so are the engravings after H. Helmick. There are some pretty sketches from Mr. Hamerton's summer voyage on the Saône, and several capital busts by Auguste Rodin.

The sum of £500 has been given by "Thankoffering" towards the extension of Victoria House, a home for working girls, by adding to it the adjoining house, 137, Queen's-road, Bayswater, thus providing in the dual house accommodation for sixty young women.

Lord Dufferin, Viceroy of India, has expressed his strong desire to come home at the end of the present year, it being the conclusion of the fourth year of his term of office. Lord Lansdowne, Governor-General of Canada, will succeed to the Viceroyalty of India; and Lord Stanley of Preston will be appointed in his place.

At a meeting of the General Council of the Glasgow International Exhibition, on Feb. 6, the Lord Provost (Sir James King) said the Exhibition would be the largest in the United Kingdom since 1862. Fourteen hundred exhibitors had been awarded space, and the amount received as revenue was £12,000. The guarantee fund was £300,000. The electric light in the grounds and Exhibition would be equal to 1,100,000 candles. The Bishop's Palace would contain a Scottish historical collection. The Queen Mary Exhibition proposed to be held in Edinburgh is to be transferred to Glasgow.

Professor Ruskin has presented to the Natural History Museum his large diamond and crystal of ruby, both remarkable for their excellence as mineral specimens, on condition that the following characteristic inscriptions shall always appear on the labels descriptive of the specimens:—"The Colenso Diamond. Presented in 1887 by John Ruskin in honour of his friend the loyal and patiently adamantine first Bishop of Natal." "The Edwardes Ruby. Presented in 1887 by John Ruskin in honour of the invincible soldiery and loving equity of Sir Herbert Edwardes' rule by the shores of Indus."

In January the officers of the Fishmongers' Company seized, at and near Billingsgate, 48 tons 15 cwt. of fish as unfit for human food. Of this quantity, 22 tons came by land and 26 tons by water; 39 tons were wet fish, and nine tons shell-fish. During the month the weight of fish delivered at Billingsgate was 13,453 tons, of which 8297 tons came by land and 5156 tons by water. The fish seized included bream, catfish, cockles (8 tons), cod (9 tons), eels, escallops, gurnets, haddock, Norway herrings (16 tons), kippers, lobsters, mussels, oysters, plaice, shrimps, skate, smelts, sprats (12 tons), trout, whelks, and whiting (4 tons). The fish were contained in 129 barrels, 182 bags, 368 boxes, and 41 baskets. At Shadwell Market, out of a total delivery of 1188 tons, only 2 cwt. were seized during the month. The proportion of fish condemned to that delivered at Billingsgate was 1 ton out of every 275.



1. Arrived at his Station, with difficulty he directs the "ghariwallah."

4. After "cutcherry," the Collector's daughter passes the time in teaching him to dance.

7. He learns, to his dismay, that he is gazetted to a lonely sub-division.

2. He goes his first journey into camp.

5. He accompanies her in a ride.

8. But is consoled when he finds that the Collector's daughter is willing to go with him.

3. He joins the Collector, and takes tea with his wife and daughter.

6. He comes to the opinion that Indian life is "awfully jolly."



PLEASE GIVE ME A VALENTINE!
DRAWN BY W. RAINY.

"SLEEPY HOLLOW."

It was quite a bit of Lotus-land—that village—set down, somehow or other, in an English county. I sauntered through it, about it, and around it, morn, noon, and "dewy eve," and never saw there any sign of activity, and hardly of movement. An air of languor constantly pervaded it. The old women sat at their cottage-doors—"content though mean, and cheerful if not gay"—plying their darning-needles, and apparently lost in dreams, except when some passing idler stopped at the garden-gate to exchange those abrupt, jerky, stereotyped phrases—the same yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow—which make up the ordinary bucolic conversation. At the forge, the smith leaned upon his anvil, while the red-hot iron gradually cooled down into blackness, too lazy to wield the hammer, which half dropped from his indifferent grasp. And in at the open windows stared a gossip or two—the place was never empty, for as soon as one went, another came—dropping, at long intervals, as if they were pearls and precious stones, brief interjectional remarks on the state of the crops, or the badness of the times, or the prices at last market. A waggon, with its team of well-fed horses, would stand opposite the village inn for an hour or more, while its driver summoned up energy—with a pint of cider—to resume his oft-interrupted journey. There were no young men—at least, I seldom saw any, and was led to believe they had all migrated to busier parts before chance led me to spend a late summer holiday in this old-world nook; and as there were no young men, the rural maidens, for want of the rivalries their presence would have excited, were so dispirited that when they went to the well for water, they seemed incapable of hauling up the bucket. The children gambolled in a vague, leisurely kind of way, as if they had an endless childhood before them, and felt that they could afford to take their pastime easily. The over-ripe plums and apples had fallen thickly in the orchards, but Tom and Dick and Harry, whistling slowly, and with their hands in their pockets, trod them under foot, rather than take the trouble of picking them up. The labourer in the hop-garden rested on his hoe long enough to let the grass grow again which he had lazily pecked at. The cattle, returning from their pleasant pastures, seemed to do so with a dignified protest against haste, stopping ever and anon to munch a tuft of grass, or with mild calm eyes survey each familiar object by the wayside. In this Sleepy Hollow of a village, where all things always were the same, the very dogs declined exertion. If a strange equestrian ambled through its quiet places, they thrust their noses over walls or outside gates, and barked a few brief notes of inquiry, to subside immediately into their customary somnolence; whereas, in other villages, they dash furiously into the road, gallop restlessly to and fro, yelp round your horse's heels, and chivy you a hundred yards or so beyond the usual limits of their demesne. The soft, still air was happily burdened with the various music of the birds; yet were they seldom to be seen upon the wing, retiring to the coziness of the leafy boughs and the high, thick hedges. The present writer spent some lovely summer weeks in Sleepy Hollow, and all the time never saw man, woman, or child, bird, or cattle, in a hurry! If a carriage of sight-seers drove over from a neighbouring holiday-resort, as soon as it approached our somnific borders it slackened speed, and glided slowly and softly along the hushed highway, unwilling to disturb the general repose. I myself succumbed to the *genius loci*, and loafed about lanes and fields in the most indolent mood imaginable, bereft of the will or the power to quicken my steps into the ordinary walk of active, everyday life. Why, indeed, should I be different from my fellows? In that sweet Sleepy Hollow, remote from the currents of commerce and trade, from literature and art and politics, what need was there of swift motion or vigorous effort, either of mind or body? The sun shone in a blue, unclouded sky; odours of sweet flowers came up with every breath of wind; in the distance rose a range of lofty green hills—silent, motionless, mysterious; all around spread our English vineyards, the hop-gardens, with brown clusters hanging from the garlanded poles—and fair broad corn-fields, smiling with the rich promise of the coming harvest—and green lanes, fresh and cool in the shadow of trees of many generations. "All things have rest; why should I make perpetual moan" when here, in Sleepy Hollow, I could stretch "my weary limbs on beds of asphodel"—that is, on the dry sunny turf—and

Muse and brood, and live again in memory;

or simply surrender myself to the enjoyment of the sweet sights and sounds of this lovely Lotus-land?

The postman, with his sharp reminders of a world which is always wide awake, visited Sleepy Hollow only once a day, and then brought with him the scantiest possible supply of correspondence. There were no daily newspapers—neither London nor provincial, neither Tory nor Radical—unless you fetched or ordered them from the nearest railway station, which was some four miles distant; and the weekly journals came only to the farmers, and the doctor, the schoolmaster, and the inn-keepers. The cottagers realised none of the blessings of a cheap press, and, apparently, did not regret the loss. Why, in Sleepy Hollow, incredible as you will think it, you might spend weeks—delightful weeks—and hear none of the political shibboleths! Think of that! Thrice-fortunate village, where Dissident Liberals ceased to trouble, and Home Rulers were at rest! But for the intrusive bill-sticker, who finds his way everywhere, I might wholly have forgotten

the existence of politics and parties. One day, however, on a blank wall which that objectionable individual loved to disfigure with his handiwork, I read, with a shudder, announcements of a Primrose League meeting in a certain nobleman's park, and of a Liberal Association meeting in a certain city, and I said to myself—"Alas! even here, in this Eden, the trail of the serpent is over it all!"

There was but one shop in Sleepy Hollow—a "general shop," which sold everything, from bacon to toffee, except the particular thing you wanted, and in an odorous corner "kept" the village post-office. There was the inevitable "meeting-house," and also a Church of England mission and school room; the parish church, a noble thirteenth-century structure, lying three miles away, at the foot of a break-neck hill, in a lonely and unpeopled country-side. But, sooth to say, the inhabitants of Sleepy Hollow were as little interested in religious as in political matters, and spent their Sundays (at least in summer) in their little gardens, each under his own apple-tree, or groups of five or six collected in odd corners, and were silent and ruminative, and happy. When I have added the doctor's modest little villa, with its bright bit of garden in front; the saddler's; the handsome mansions of the two big farmers of the district; two or three decent houses, where lodgings could be had in the summer months; the brand-new one-storey house of bright red-brick for the one policeman of the place, dignified with the sonorous distinction of "County Constabulary Station"; and the two inns, neither of which ever echoed with "sounds of revelry," I have enumerated the principal objects of interest in Sleepy Hollow. Except, indeed, the cottages!—regular old English cottages, strengthened with great black beams of timber, and roofed with thatch several inches in thickness; rejoicing in quaint chimneys and gables and rustic porches, and a profusion of climbing roses and honeysuckle, clematis and jessamine—each "a perfect picture," filling an artist's eye with visions of delight. Each, too, with its blooming garden, evidencing the English peasant's love of flowers, and its little patch of ground reserved for vegetables, a few gooseberry and currant bushes, and an old mossy apple-tree or two, famous for great annual crops of fruit.

Life in Sleepy Hollow seems, at least on the surface, to flow with a smoothness and a tranquillity which can never be possible in large towns. There is little room, you see, for even the humblest ambition—no scope for adventure—no opportunities for "mute, inglorious Miltons" ever to be otherwise than mute. But some day, and doubtless before long, it will be caught, I suppose, within the destructive influences of the great wave of unrest which is sweeping away all our old landmarks, and its quaint cottages will be reconstructed on hygienic principles, and its picturesque gardens replaced by trim allotments; its children will be merry in the green fields no more, and its old crones will cease to gossip with the wayfarer "in the gate," and its "general shop" will be superseded by an emporium or a dépôt, and the postman will visit it four or five times a day, and everybody will read the daily papers, and the modest wayside inns will develop into pretentious public-houses, with free-and-easies and political clubs; and there will be much noise in the lanes which are now so peaceful; and you and I, readers, will look in vain for Sleepy Hollow, which will have been "improved"—more's the pity of it!—off the face of the earth. W. H. D.-A.

THE ADVANTAGES OF POVERTY.

I must begin by defining what I mean by poverty. It would be cruel and absurd to tell a poor man with a large family and fifteen shillings a week that his lot was a happy one; and the seamstress, who in this Christian land toils for the scantiest pittance, and lives on bread and tea, knows the worst miseries of destitution. But wealth and poverty, as we all know, are matters of comparison, and the lord of half a county, who keeps his horses and his hounds, like the worshipful old gentleman in the song, will no doubt regard my unsuccessful friend, Sanders, as a man whose want of means has placed him in a most pitiable condition. Yet Sanders, with his small but secure income of £300 a year, is one of the happiest men I know: what he has he thoroughly enjoys, and he has no fretful ambition to possess more. He reminds me often of a certain character in one of Crabbe's tales, who, being unsuccessful in trade, withdrew to a small house,

And there his losses and his cares he bore.

Nor found that want of wealth could make him poor.

"No," adds the poet, "he, in fact, was rich," and so, too, is Sanders. I have often heard him expatiate on his advantages. "Small certainties," says Dr. Johnson, "are the bane of men of talent; but you see, Dick, I never was credited with talent, so that they cannot be my bane. Then how many expenses I save from having a small income! No one asks me to put down my name on subscription-lists, and I am allowed to dispense my doles in private. All around me I see men eager for office, or for social position, and fretting their lives away in the effort to attain it. Only children cry for the moon, and, being a man, I know that I must be content with what I am and have. Do you hint that my life is dull? I don't find it so. But better dullness than anxiety; better even the *res angusta domi* than the perilous speculations that so often bring wealthy men to ruin." So my friend Sanders talks; and many a time his cheerful spirit and calm content have led me to doubt whether he is not the wisest friend I have.

Poverty escapes many obligations. It keeps a man out of society. You ask the Mayor of your town to dinner because he is a Mayor, and another man because he expects to attain that position next year. Lady Dighton is not a safe woman, for she exaggerates and loves scandal; but you invite her, because she is the widow of a Baronet. But a man blessed with the advantages of poverty knows nothing of the hollowness of society. If people care for him, they show it; if not, they let him alone. What a large amount of leisure this seclusion affords him! He knows the comfort of evenings at home: he need not dress for dinner, he can smoke his pipe in peace, he can go to bed when he pleases. No organisers of public meetings ask him to take the chair; he is not invited at a cost to his purse to hold the post of steward at a public dinner; and although "all the world" goes to "private views," he is not to be seen at them. Happy man! He lives in the "cool, sequestered vale of life," and escapes the winds and storms of the hill-tops.

Yet there may be moments, for human nature is contrary, when the poor man wishes, he had more pounds in his purse, and could take a larger grasp of life. Many of the most successful achievements in the world have been due to the enterprise of poor men, who, in many cases, have sacrificed happiness to ambition. It must be admitted, however, that if content is a virtue, it can scarcely be so regarded unless preceded by struggle. A man is not to sit down in sleepy satisfaction at the beginning of his course. He must use the market of his time to better purpose, and show that his tranquillity of spirit is not due to apathy. Poverty may be honourable, and has, as we have said, many advantages; but it must be the poverty of "plain living and high thinking," not the poverty of sloth and of intellectual stagnation.

Philosophers and divines have well-nigh exhausted rhetoric in praise of poverty, calling it the way to heaven, the mistress of philosophy, and the mother of religion. "No man is poor," says Jeremy Taylor, "who does not think himself so." And Bacon calls riches the "baggage of virtue": they hinder us in the march of life. I don't agree with Burton when he says, "The poorer thou art, the happier thou art"; but I do hold it possible to be, like Cordelia, "most rich, being poor." It is obvious to say that it is not what a man has, but what he is, that constitutes his life; and Goldsmith's pious clergyman, who was passing rich on forty pounds a year, may have been "better off" in the truest sense of the term, than if he had possessed the richest bishopric in Christendom. The poets, who, like most of us, know much more than they practise, love to magnify a comparatively low condition. The lines published at the beginning of the seventeenth century—

I prize, I praise a mean estate
Nor yet too lofty nor too base;
This is all my choice, my cheer:
A mind content and conscience clear—

are but the echo of far earlier verses, and have been echoed a thousand times since. Unhappily, the modern view of content is not that of philosophers and poets. "If thou canst be content, thou hast abundance" is the wise saying of antiquity.

I only ask, unto this end,
A little more than I can spend—

is the cry familiar in our day. "What is a man worth?" people ask on hearing of his death; and in many cases, upon learning the amount, they might add with Lord Erskine: "Well, that's a very pretty sum to begin the next world with." By-the-way, another advantage of poverty is that our friends do not anticipate legacies, and, therefore, are not likely to feel, what Byron bluntly said, that the death of an old lady who has "made us youths wait far too long already," is passing sweet. To expect much is to be almost certainly disappointed; but there is no vexation for the poor man whose relatives are poor also. It is the money we earn, not the money that is left to us, that gives genuine pleasure. But it is time I should end this paper, for the little maxims just uttered sound as if I were in danger of becoming a proverbial philosopher. J. D.

PLEASE GIVE ME A VALENTINE!

This pretty little maiden, in her childish innocence, fancies that valentines are to be got by asking the village postman for one! She has no idea that they come from lovers. Everybody loves her, so far as her experience has yet gone; and everybody takes pleasure in giving her whatever she likes. So would the postman, if he had it to give. He ought to have everything, in that great leather bag hanging by straps from his shoulders; there must be letters for all the men, women, and children of the parish; why not for her? She cannot read, but a simple verse read to her by Mamma or sister would delight her ear; and a coloured picture would be kept as one of her treasures. We hope the kind old postman will find an envelope addressed to little Annie, with a Queen's head stamp on it, to make her quite happy for the day. The Fourteenth of February should not come round for nothing, and this is the first of those anniversaries whose importance she has learnt to regard.

The Budget of the School Board for London was presented at the meeting on Feb. 7. The rate for the coming year is a little below eightpence, being a reduction of a halfpenny on the rate for the current year.

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"A POLISH ROAD IN NOVEMBER."—AFTER THE POLISH ARTIST, KOWALSKI.

From "Die Vervielfältigende Kunst der Gegenwart," published at Vienna.

Vienna has of late shown symptoms of a disposition to dispute the supremacy of Paris, both as a city and as an art centre. The spaciousness of the Ring-Strasse, and the splendour of its buildings, are not to be surpassed by anything in Paris; while art, in the widest sense, receives an amount of encouragement in Vienna which it can boast of nowhere else, unless in the city on the Seine. Apart altogether from her great school of painting, Vienna, in all the reproductive arts, takes a foremost place; and the remarkably handsome folio volume, "Die Vervielfältigende Kunst der Gegenwart," edited by Carl Von Lützow, which we are here noticing, compares most favourably with any other art-periodical we know, not even excepting *L'Art* of Paris.

The volume before us is devoted to the consideration of that form of art-reproduction which comes under the head of wood-engraving. The history of the art is fully set forth, beginning, in the case of England, with the great master, Bewick, and coming down to the present time. The letterpress is accompanied by examples from various sources; and whoever wishes to get a satisfactory account of the present state of wood-engraving, not only here, but throughout the world, must consult the pages of this publication. This Vienna "Society

for Art-Reproduction" has, indeed, rendered to art an immense service; and the present state of wood-engraving in every country, from Russia to the United States, obtains an adequate record by a competent observer. For example, English art is treated by Mr. Klinkicht; that of France by M. Bouchot; Italy, by Scheu; Germany, by M. Hecht; and in the United States of America the progress in the art of wood-engraving, which has during the last two years been quite phenomenal, is described exhaustively by M. Kehler.

The abundant interest of the Illustrations may be estimated from the fact that they embrace almost every school and period, from Michael Angelo downwards. Among contemporary men occur the names of Menzel, Alma Tadema, Herkomer, Gustave Doré, Blashfield, and Sargent. The publications from which the respective examples are borrowed are as various as the countries treated of. Several of the English works, for example, appeared first in the pages of *The Illustrated London News*; and the wood-engraving that we have transferred to our pages, "A Polish Road in November," after the well-known and accomplished Polish artist, Kowalski, was first published in *Schorer's Familienblatt*. Our readers will admire, with us, the life and movement that the

artist has given to his subject; and will see at once how serious a matter it would be to carry on war in a country where roads are of this type.

The current year's continuation of this important historical work will be devoted to etching and line engraving; and the numbers will be issued every second month; so that the year will contain six parts, and the subscription will be thirty marks, or half that of the present volume. The reputation of the publishing society in Vienna, by whom the present volume is issued, stands so high throughout Europe, that we have every confidence in their carrying out their highly important enterprise to a successful issue.

The Queen has approved the following appointments in the Diplomatic Service:—Sir Horace Rumbold to be her Majesty's Minister at the Hague, on the retirement of the Hon. Sir W. Stuart; the Hon. Sir Edmund Monson to be her Majesty's Minister at Athens; Mr. H. G. MacDonell to be her Majesty's Minister at Copenhagen; Mr. G. H. Wyndham, C.B., to be her Majesty's Minister at Rio de Janeiro; and Mr. F. R. St. John to be her Majesty's Minister at Belgrade.

NOVELS.

The Second Son. By Mrs. Oliphant. Three vols. (Macmillan and Co.).—The long series of interesting and effective works of fiction by which Mrs. Oliphant has won a secure position in public favour, while she has also produced historical, biographical, and critical dissertations of some literary importance, continues to receive acceptable additions. This novel will scarcely be reckoned one of her best, though its story is distinctly conceived and consistently developed, presenting a situation in English domestic life which appeals to just and wholesome sympathies; but the characters are rather types of different moral temperaments than fresh living and growing individual persons. Edmund Mitford is the second of three sons, all near thirty years of age, whose father—the Squire of Melcombe, owning an unentailed estate, and being of a harsh, unjust, and tyrannical disposition—holds over them his power of testamentary bequest to exact from them a slavish submission to his will. He is enraged with the eldest son for refusing to marry a neighbouring heiress, Elizabeth Travers, and for offering his hand to Lily Ford, the gamekeeper's pretty, vain, half-educated daughter. He is almost equally angry with Edmund for defending his brother and refusing to accept the forfeited inheritance; so he makes a will bestowing the estate on his youngest son, Stephen, a Captain in the Army, who is a selfish, insolent prodigal, and who secretly pursues Lily Ford with intent to seduce and betray her. The three young men know little of each other's movements, and their father knows still less of them. Having no mother, and two of their sisters being married, and the only remaining sister, Nina, being a foolish child, they meet occasionally at Melcombe, where Edmund lives with his father, but there is no real family intimacy. The eldest, being disinherited and turned off, and severely mortified because Lily Ford shrinks with terror from his honourable proposals, goes to London in quest of an appointment by which he may earn his own subsistence. The ignorant girl, having been solicited by Captain Stephen Mitford, with the promise of a private marriage, to come to him in London, travels up from the country on the same day. She is taken by Stephen to an obscure lodging where she is to pass the night, but she quickly discovers the snare that he has laid for her, and, being no wanton, escapes her betrayer, wanders half over London in terrible alarm and distress all through the summer night, and finds her way back to the Paddington railway station. Her disappearance, as she does not return to her parents, causes terrible anguish to them, and Edmund, taking a friendly interest in the grief of his humble neighbours, undertakes to assist the search for her. He does not for a moment believe that his elder brother, whom he knows to be an honest and generous man, has had anything to do with her clandestine elopement; indeed he is aware that Lily had refused to listen to his offer to marry her; but he learns, from gossip of the servants repeated by his young sister, that Stephen had been observed meeting Lily at night in the park. Edmund then hastens to London, meets both his brothers, and is assured of the innocence of the elder; but the younger, furious at his failure with the girl, replies with insults and threats of violence to his inquiries, leaving no doubt of his guilt. The eldest of the three, having cherished an honourable love for this girl, and sacrificed his fortune and position for her sake, is naturally the most angry with Stephen. Meeting him on the stairs at a club, there is a fierce altercation, with a scuffle, in which Stephen pushes him down, and the fall causes his death. After the gloomy funeral at Melcombe, where Stephen, being utterly heartless and conscienceless, begins to assume the mastery, the Squire prompts him to become a suitor of the eligible heiress. The father and son call on Miss Travers, and Edmund happens to be there. Miss Travers receives them coldly, and hardly restrains her indignation when the Squire and Stephen begin to remonstrate against her protection of the gamekeeper's family, whom Stephen has cruelly driven from their home. The fact is that Miss Travers herself has rescued Lily Ford from her despair in London, but has been left to believe, for a time, that the would-be seducer was the deceased eldest brother. Lily, having been taken into the house as the favourite waiting-maid of Mrs. Travers, the widow of Elizabeth's uncle, overhears the conversation, and bursts forth, upbraiding Stephen with his vile conduct to her. In this striking scene, while Squire Mitford and the Captain are utterly confounded, Miss Travers involuntarily shows her tender regard for Edmund, who has long silently adored her. The old Squire goes home and dies of an apoplectic fit, whereby Stephen comes into the Melcombe property; but Edmund marries the heiress, and Mrs. Travers, a rather weak-minded old lady, to whom they behave with great consideration, takes Lily Ford as her companion in a pleasant Continental tour. There is some humour in the portraiture of Mrs. Travers, with her fond persuasion that she is, or ought to be, proprietor for life of the rich establishment bequeathed by her late husband to his fortunate niece.

Her Two Millions: A Story of a Fortune. By William Westall. Three vols. (Ward and Downey).—This novel bears marks of careful elaboration, and its style is correct and quiet; the tone of sentiment is morally wholesome, and the views of conduct and behaviour are generally sensible. But the main interest of the plot is very feeble, compared with that of Mr. Westall's former productions. A young orphan girl, the daughter of a roving Englishman, Philip Hardy, who joined the bands of Italian patriotic insurgents in 1848, and was killed in a skirmish with the Austrians on the Lago Maggiore, is brought up under her deceased Italian mother's name, in the rustic dwelling of her nurse's Swiss parents on the shores of the Lake of Geneva. The father having gone under the name of Leonino, nobody is aware that he and his child are lawful heirs to the enormous wealth of John Hardy, of London, who died about the same time. It remains in the hands of trustees under his will, and is claimed, after many years, by numerous kinsfolk of John Hardy at Calder, in the manufacturing district of Yorkshire. They form a company, at the suggestion of Mr. Ferret, a sharp-practice country attorney, to prosecute their suit in the Court of Chancery. The able young editor of the local newspaper, Alfred Balmaine, who has just accepted an engagement on the staff of the *Helvetic News*, an English journal at Geneva, chivalrously undertakes to search, in Switzerland and the North of Italy, for traces of the lost Philip Hardy, or of the child he is known to have had. A few accidental circumstances lead to the discovery of Vera Leonino, still living with her Swiss nurse; but this affair, in which Balmaine has taken part from disinterested motives, is found out by an unscrupulous colleague, Vernon Corfe, who intrigues to get hold of the heiress, and to marry her for the sake of "her two millions." The wicked adventurer has already two wives living, having committed bigamy with the second, a Jewess, whom he deserted as he had done with the first. The second wife, Esther, pursues him to Geneva, and he, to go on with his nefarious design on Vera, murders poor Esther by pushing her into an ice-hole on Mont Blanc. So far, the incidents of the story are contrived with some ingenuity, and are related with pathetic effect; but from this point it becomes slow and dull, and the latter half of it is rather heavy reading. Vera's case is taken up by respectable London solicitors, and she is brought to London as the ward

of a rich trustee, who hopes to marry her to his own son; but she does not at all relish a life of fashionable gaiety and luxury, and would rather be a Swiss milkmaid than a lady with £100,000 a year. Alfred Balmaine, who loves her for her natural graces, is equally indifferent to her pecuniary prospects; so that the reader is led to feel it no great matter whether she gets "her two millions" or not. In fact, the young couple do not venture to probe each other's affections until the realisation of Vera's claim to this vast sum of money becomes apparently desperate, there being no evidence that her father and mother were legally married, and the Court of Chancery setting her aside on that ground. The original proofs of the marriage in Italy have been destroyed by the burning of the parish church, with its registers, and by the disappearance of the priest and witnesses; and a marriage certificate, which Philip Hardy, before he died, entrusted with some money to Vera's nurse, has got into the hands of Corfe. So the failure of Vera's brilliant fortune in expectancy leaves her free to become the happy wife of Balmaine, who has returned to London and is doing well on the daily press, while she earns something as an artist, and his cousin Cora, living with them, writes for the magazines. The ultimate recovery of the "Two Millions" (sterling English coin), though it seems of no consequence to these noble-minded persons, is attained by the young journalist being in Paris amidst the furious conflict of the Commune in 1871, and witnessing the capture of Corfe, one of its ringleaders, who, condemned to be shot, delivers to Balmaine a copy of the lost certificate of marriage. As the hero and heroine are already quite content with modest competence, they resolve to devote the huge fortune to improving the condition of the London poor. The unreality of all the characters, the absence of varying emotion and change of feelings, and the insufficient dramatic effect of these extraordinary vicissitudes are fatal defects in a romance. The descriptions of the position, principles, and practice of professional journalists are ludicrously and injuriously mistaken, according to our own experience and acquaintance with that class. But the author seems quite at home in certain society of Geneva, though he writes such bad French as "Vous me moquez," and makes educated Englishmen talk an odious vulgar slang.

By Virtue of His Office. One vol. By Rowland Grey, author of "In Sunny Switzerland," "Lindenblumen," &c. (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.).—A pleasing remembrance of the lively and agreeable tale of the two sisters, English young ladies, who met their loves and fates on the shores of the Lake of Geneva, assures the ready acceptance of this fresh work of fiction by a writer of proved talent for the delineation of social life. Her most striking performance, indeed, has been a short tale called "The Antwerp Postman," contained with several other clever tales in the same volume with "Lindenblumen," and noticed some time ago with high approval for the fine humour with which it told a very droll story of foreign habits and manners. The authoress, in the present work, shows a further advance in constructive skill, managing the progress of incidents, at intervals of time, with remarkable clearness and effectiveness in the compass of a single volume. She succeeds also in gaining the regard of her readers for those personages. Elizabeth Verity, Geoffrey Fane, and his father, Sir George Fane, in whom it is needful to be interested, and whose relative situations are developed by a plot that is conceived with some originality of invention. Elizabeth is the orphan daughter of a high-minded and unhappy mother, formerly a governess in the Fane family, to whom Sir George in his youth was much attached, but who, on his marriage to a cousin of equal fortune, became the wife of Robert Dallas, a man of little principle, and went to America with him. Under pressure of poverty, this Dallas was tempted to obtain money by forging the name of Sir George Fane; he was arrested, tried in London, and sentenced to penal servitude. Sir George remained ignorant that the woman he had loved was the wife of the convict, and she died soon afterwards, leaving her little girl to the care of her uncle, Cuthbert Verity, a schoolmaster in a provincial town. The child was brought up by Mr. Verity and his wife as their own; and it is the concealment of her real parentage that constitutes the mainspring of the plot. We find a certain inconsistency or inadequacy, judged from the ethical point of view, in the assumption of motives for dealing with this family secret. Persons who have adopted a child, and who intend fully to maintain the parental relation, are not morally bound to disclose the fact to the world in general; but there may be circumstances in which it would become their duty to reveal it to some particular individuals; and such a case would arise, no doubt, when the hand of a girl whose birth was affected by social disgrace was sought by an honourable suitor. A clergyman, the Rev. Stephen Glade, whose unamiable character has nothing to do with this question of morality, asks Mr. Verity's consent to pay his addresses to Elizabeth. Mr. Verity, the most conscientious of men, replies by telling Mr. Glade the truth about her parentage. He says, "It will be very hard for me to make my confession; but, after all, I ought to trust you to hold it sacred. Secrets, with you, at least, should be inviolate." Mr. Glade, in answer to this, merely says, "You can trust me implicitly," while he persists, though a worldly-minded, ambitious man, in desiring to marry Elizabeth; and she presently rejects him, with unwomanly rudeness and harshness. We are unable to see, in this transaction, any sign that the clergyman has received a confessional secret "by virtue of his office." He is neither more nor less bound than any other gentleman who should have asked to marry the girl would have felt himself to respect the confidence which Mr. Verity had chosen to repose in him. That confidence, however, is to be reasonably interpreted by its motive and occasion, in the light of Mr. Verity's own principles of conduct. When Geoffrey Fane, a young man of higher rank, heir to a baronetcy, and the son of the very person injured by the crime of Elizabeth's father, is intending to propose marriage to her, his old friend Stephen Glade, being under great personal obligations to him, and being connected with the Fane family, might fairly consider that the secret ought to be communicated to Geoffrey, as well as to himself. He might, at least, warn Geoffrey that there was a secret, and might refer him to Mr. Verity for an explanation, which could not fail, as Mr. Verity was a singularly honest man, to be the same truth already imparted to Mr. Glade. This behaviour would not appear censurable, if Mr. Glade had so acted from proper motives, and in a disinterested spirit; but the action, in itself not perfidious, is rendered evil by describing him as a malignant, envious, revengeful scoundrel, and by adding to it the base trickery of stealing papers from Sir George and calumniating Elizabeth's mother. The stress of indignation, though amply deserved by the villain of the story, is thus mislaid on the less offending part of his conduct, which is exaggerated by an irrelevant reference to his clerical profession. Other characters, especially that of Raymond Middleton, the hard-working surgeon at St. Luke's Hospital, where Elizabeth finds employment as a nurse, seem to us firmly and vividly delineated; and the scenes at Homburg are cleverly sketched; the profuse descriptions of flowers, and of ladies' dresses, may please a feminine taste.

The Fiddler of Lugau. By the author of "Mdle. Mori," "The Atelier du Lys," &c. One vol. (Hatchards).—The lady who is known in literature by her authorship of the charming stories of Italian and French life above named seems equally at home among the people of a small country town in Germany. But the inhabitants of Lugau, in a district that formed part of the Elector of Saxony's dominions at the time of Napoleon's great Continental wars, included some who were not Germans, the long-oppressed race of Wendis; and one of these is Christian Göda, the meek enthusiast, the self-taught musical genius, the poor and despised "town-trumpeter," married to a bustling widow, and dwelling with her and her children in the old tower of the south gateway. He is but an unskilful violinist, though he has composed an opera of rarely beautiful dramatic and lyric strains on a weird legend of Wendish local romance, and goes in the summer evenings to rehearse its passionate airs in a favourite retreat on the adjacent moorland, or sometimes at night in the ancient church, the Marienkirche, with one or two sympathising hearers. These are his step-daughter, Liesl Willkomm, the very type of sweet, affectionate, true-hearted German girls; and his youthful friend and pupil, Felix Van der Gheyn, a Flemish lad who has been fetched from Louvain by his austere kinsman, the dignified master of the renowned carillon of church-bells at Lugau, to learn the hereditary craft of performing on those bells, which were manufactured by the Van der Gheyns two centuries before. Felix prefers the violin to the carillon, and gets into trouble with his appointed guardian, while he adores Göda and loves the gentle maiden; these three persons, clinging faithfully to one another in spite of domestic and social disapproval, form an interesting group. Their worst enemy is Nake, the church organist, a cunning and malicious intriguer, who employs Göda to copy music for him, but who, being addicted to plagiarising from the works of Handel and other great composers, is jealous lest Göda or Felix should detect his imposture. The political and military vicissitudes of Germany, about the time of the campaign of Aspern and Wagram in 1809, gave a threatening aspect to the background of this village history. Manifestations of attachment to the cause of German freedom provoked the French army to cruel severities on its reoccupation of the district. A wounded French soldier, found by Felix and Göda dying in a copse on the moor, is humanely relieved by their hands, unknown to their fellow-townsmen. Nake, serving the French as a spy, and learning the death and concealed burial of the soldier, privately accuses Göda and Felix of having killed and robbed him. By the aid of Felix, who has access to the belfry, the persecuted Wendish musician, the most innocent and helpless of men, takes refuge there, intending to fly from the town at nightfall. Being accidentally found there by the elder Van der Gheyn, and hastening down the steep stone stairs, he stumbles, or is stricken with heart-disease, and dies at the stair-foot. The humble household in the south tower of Lugau is broken up by this disaster; and Liesl is sent to England, where her brother, clerk to a German merchant in London, has got her a place as nursery governess. Felix, released from the apprenticeship to the pedant of carillon-players, obtains admission to a high school of music at Dresden, and soon becomes an admired performer on the violin. We follow Liesl to her new situation in the house of Herr Breling, in Aldersgate-street, City, where her fidelity, patience, and kindness win the love both of parents and of children. After a few years, during which her correspondence with her betrothed lover has been interrupted, while Herr Breling, her countryman, bestows some paternal encouragement on the sweet-tempered German maiden, Felix Van der Gheyn appears in London at the earliest concert of the Philharmonic Society, where Liesl is taken to hear him achieve a signal success, playing fine variations of some of Göda's original native strains. The end is a happy marriage, and peace is restored to Germany and to Europe. The wicked Nake has perished by losing his way at night among the bogs and moors in the neighbourhood of Lugau. We cannot easily overpraise the design, the management, or the style of this simple, graceful, and wholly sympathetic story; its narrative is so like truth, its characters are so lifelike, the incidents are so aptly combined, the talk is so natural, with such modesty in the expression of feeling, and with such a pleasant side-vein of gentle humour. Among the secondary personages, Frau Bender, the wise and pious old grandmother, and the worthy Pfarrer or Parson, Herr Moritzen, with his little vanity about his Latin ode, seem to us the best in portraiture; but Herr Albrecht Van der Gheyn and the artful Nake have also the stamp of reality, and the dramatic interest is well maintained between them all; while German manners, ideas, and sentiments are exhibited with a piquancy of perception seldom equalled.

One Day; or, Viola's Wanderings. By E. Chapman, Author of "The Secret of the Forest," and "The Golden Pavement" (J. F. Shaw and Co.).—This is a little child-story, but one which deserves notice, among books of more elaborate design, for its graceful simplicity and happy conception, and for the manner of a reconciliation between grown-up members of a family, long estranged from each other, who are now unexpectedly brought together by a small girl's fancy to indulge herself with a solitary country ramble. Viola Fenton, who is eight years of age, has been brought up in London, and has been taken yearly to Brighton, but has never been allowed to run free in the fields and woods. She has been told that she may go there "one day," while her elder sister has been promised "one day" to hear an oratorio; so, when the day arrives for Aunt May to take Mabel to enjoy the musical performance, Viola innocently supposes that her own "one day" has also come. The fearless child, knowing the Brighton railway, travels alone to a rural place in Sussex, meets some not very dangerous adventures, and delights herself for an hour with the trees and wild-flowers, the birds and butterflies, and the brook flowing through a certain park. She falls into the hands of the Squire, who happens to be her own Uncle Raymond, and who sees in her the likeness to one of his family that died in childhood; so he kindly brings Viola home in the same evening, and greets the brother and sister from whom he had been parted by an old quarrel. The characters of the elders are sufficiently distinct for an ordinary novel.

The Queen has promised another £100 towards the fund for the Royal Agricultural Society's proposed Jubilee Show in Windsor Great Park.

The Lady Mayoress (Mrs. De Keyser) will hold her first reception at the Mansion House on Tuesday, Feb. 21, from three to five o'clock. The subsequent receptions will be on the first and third Tuesdays in each month, between the same hours. The following are the dates of Mansion House banquets: Feb. 14, to the Court of Aldermen; Feb. 22, Court of Common Council; March 7, the bankers and merchants of the City; March 14, Farringdon Ward; March 17, the Savage Club; March 21, the Metropolitan Board of Works; April 9, Easter banquet; April 25, the Consular body in London; May 9, Masters of City Companies; June 6, her Majesty's Judges; and July 4, the Archbishops and Bishops.



THE SLAVE MARKET IN MOROCCO.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

THE SLAVE MARKET IN MOROCCO.

The day had been very sultry, and suddenly a sand-storm, like a London fog agitated by a whirlwind, came swirling up from the desert in long circling wreaths, filling everything, covering everything, permeating everything, and making it almost impossible to breathe even the very air; so we stayed at "home" in the Maimounieh Palace. In the afternoon, the storm cleared off as rapidly as it came; and we went to the slave market, which was one of our usual evening lounges, as the Italian Opera season had not yet opened in the city. So we clattered through the streets, with our armed and mounted escort, sending the stones flying in every direction; entered the Kaisarieh, through a Moorish archway; and, winding through the dark and dirty alleys of the bazaar, which the people were just beginning to leave, we dismounted at a low Moorish archway, and entered the slave market. It is a square, about sixty yards by eighty, and is all open and unpaved, except a covered alley running down the middle. This colonnade is paved with stone, and its tiled roof is supported by Moorish arches, also built of stone. Round the four sides of the square are little huts, made of wattle-work plastered over with mud, on which heads of maize were spread out to dry; the pariah dogs of the city were waking up, after their midday siesta, and asserting their prescriptive right of penetrating everywhere, by ranging over the flat roofs with unrestrained license. Behind each cell is another little chamber, into which the slave is taken if any intending purchaser wishes to make a thorough examination in private.

On the occasion of our visit, there were sixty or seventy slaves to be sold, most of them young girls of from twelve to sixteen, with a few young men of eighteen or twenty, and some older slaves, who were cooks, or were skilled in some trade. They came from the Equatorial provinces, Darfour and Bahr-el-Ghazel, and even from as far south as Lake Nyassa. They had fine faces and thin lips, and were of an intense blue black colour; the high lights on their faces, being of a dull violet blue, gave their skins the peculiar appearance of black Hambro' grapes with the bloom on them. Many of them were descendants of the Tonariks, who invaded and conquered the Barbary States. When the young girls saw the blue-eyed, fair mustached Englishmen looking at them, they at once raised their hands to their foreheads, with a gesture like a kind of military salute, which flattered us considerably at first, though it somewhat resembled an action indulged in by rude little boys at home. We were disgusted to find, however, that it was neither a sign of respect nor of would-be familiarity, but merely to ward off the "evil eye" they credited us with possessing. The auctioneers—for there were about a dozen of them—did not stand up on a rostrum and knock down the slaves, one by one, to the highest bidder, but walked about among the crowd, followed by a string of slaves, expatiating on the excellence of their human merchandise, naming the highest bid yet made, stopping to allow purchasers to look at the slaves, and persuading people to make a higher offer. The prices given for slaves vary from an almost nominal sum to so much as 100 dols; and 150 dols. have been paid for a young and handsome girl. When a sale has been effected, the purchaser pays a certain percentage, as a tax, to an officer of the Sultan, who enters the transaction in his book, thus legalising it, and placing it on record.

When these unhappy creatures have found a purchaser in a rich Moorish noble or merchant, the happiest time of their life begins. In many cases, a slave in Morocco does next to nothing at all; Riffians, and the descendants of the original Barbary races, being called in to do the rough and dirty work of the house. A male slave is frequently the friend and companion of his master; saddle-horses are kept for him to ride; he may accumulate property independently, and may, in some instances, buy his freedom if he wishes to do so. If a slave is badly fed, or ill-treated, he can complain to the Kaid of his master's conduct; and the master may be ordered to sell his slave to somebody more fit to own him. It has frequently happened that a slave who has been freed by his master's will has, after spending all the money he amassed in servitude, voluntarily offered himself for sale in the marketplace, and has then spent the money paid him in finery and dissipation.

The Sultan of Morocco has a slave, his chief cook, who was an artist in his way, and could manipulate into the most cunning dishes the Aryan oil and three-year-old butter that the soul of a Moor loves. He accumulated honours and wealth, and became a man of great importance in the Royal household. The consequence was that he began to fancy that the Empire could not get on without him, became fatter and fatter, and took to sending up dinners to his master carelessly and slovenly cooked. The Sultan remonstrated with him; but the cook knew his own value. The Sultan threatened to sell him; but the slave took little heed. At last, his patience being worn out by bad dinners, the Sultan sent his slave to the market, and put him up for sale; but nobody would buy the man, he looked so fat and lazy. This was a terrible shock to the cook's vanity; but, by the law of Morocco, it had the curious effect of setting him free, unless his master chose to buy him in. This the Sultan did, not being willing to lose his cook, and hoping that he had given him a lesson; thus the slave beat his master by force of sheer worthlessness. Female slaves generally have great power in the harem, and not unfrequently rule their nominal mistresses despotically.

The cruel part of the slave trade is the march across Central Africa from the Soudan. When a sufficient number of slaves has been caught to form a caravan, the miserable procession starts across the desert. Each slave has to carry his or her gourd of water, and provision of dried dates, from station to station, and to make the weary journey on foot. In the forests and bush of Equatorial Africa they are yoked or tied together; but in the sandy wastes of the Sahara they are not chained or manacled; for, should they try to escape, there is nowhere but the desert for them to go, and they would have to throw away their burdens of food and water, so that a certain and lingering death would be the only result of gaining their freedom. At different points on the route, parts of the caravan branch off from the main body and strike northwards across the desert for Tripoli, Tunis, or the interior of Algeria, until at last the caravan arrives at Timbuctoo. From this great central mart they turn northward to Cape Juby, where the North-West African Trading Company attempted to found a station, on a small island just off the coast, to tap the Sultan's trade with the interior and Timbuctoo; and would no doubt have been successful, had not the Sultan sent several thousand troops to occupy the Cape, with strict instructions to fire on anyone who attempted to land. From Cape Juby to Morocco is but a short march; and then the slaves are distributed among the inland towns, and are sold by public auction to a life of comparative ease and comfort. Of the long trains of slaves which leave Darfour and the Soudan for Morocco, not more than forty per cent reach the Sultan's dominions; the rest have fallen by the way, victims to the sun, to hunger and thirst, to blows, and privations of every kind. If the horrors of this march across thousands of miles of desert are to be put an end to, they must be stopped at the fountain-head. Nothing can be done in Morocco; but slavery there is not of the Legree and Uncle Tom type, which is the only one that English minds can comprehend; the slaves are well fed and well treated, and most European Governments would lay themselves open to obvious retorts did they interfere to change the slaves' condition. It is at the commencement of this journey of death that the cure must be effected. When Gordon swept the province of Darfour, the slave-hunters found their occupation gone, and their hitherto profitable calling was changed to one of danger and doubtful remuneration; but when we abandoned Gordon at Khartoum, we abandoned all attempts to check the slave trade in Central Africa. But the Soudan is a long way off, and Africa is still the Dark Continent; and so we left the long caravans to once more plod their deadly path across the desert, and we passed by on the other side, content to chase a few dhows in the Red Sea for the salving of our consciences. R. C. WOODVILLE.

ABOUT NOVELS.

When, not long ago, Mr. Walter Besant received a public welcome in his native town, it was natural that a popular novelist who so richly deserves his reputation should magnify his office. But Mr. Besant's success and his love for the art to which he has dedicated his life led him, perhaps, somewhat astray. He was dazzled by the prizes of literature which fall to a few highly-gifted men, and he did not take sufficient account of the many novelists who fail to win the public, and of the far larger number of men of letters who fail to gain a competence in the most precarious of all professions. For Mr. Besant did not confine his remarks to the novel-writer's art. He gave the weight of his name in favour of literature as a means of livelihood, and averred that when this country obtained copyright with the United States the position of an English writer "would be not only from his influence, but also from his enormous income, one of the most desirable in the world." Possibly this may, with some deductions, be a fairly true prophecy with regard to the future of a popular novelist. Against it, however, may be set the fact, which no doubt Mr. Besant will accept, that the art which is chiefly regarded as a money-making business inevitably declines; but the rank and file of authors and journalists, the compilers, the harmless drudges who write "padding" for periodicals, the second and third class critics—what, one may ask Mr. Besant, has literature to offer to these industrious but unappreciated men which makes it preferable to a moderate income secured in the counting-house or in the shop?

The assertion made on the same occasion that literature is one of the fine arts may be accepted without reservation. Fiction, like sculpture and painting, fulfils a distinct purpose, and its influence may be as refreshing and as elevating as the work of the poet. The wisest Bishop of the last century called imagination a delusive faculty, probably because he had little of it; but it is a faculty that requires exercise and fitting nutriment as much as any other. The mind cannot always feed on the solid food provided by philosophers and political economists, and we are sometimes wickedly inclined to believe that the wisdom of the heart and the play of the fancy are every whit as real and as profitable as the facts and theories of the man of science. We venture to think that Shakespeare's mind is more fruitful in the wealth that enriches life than the mind of Bacon, and that Scott has done more to benefit his countrymen than Hume or Adam Smith. Indeed, a really great novel stands upon nearly as high a level as a great poem, satisfying the same aspirations and yielding a similar delight.

We are catholic enough in our tastes to like every variety of fiction so long as it is good of its kind, and can enjoy the "Arabian Nights" as well as the tales of Jane Austen. What seems extravagant and impossible in the wildest romances is, after all, scarcely more wonderful than some modern discoveries of science would have seemed to our forefathers. We grow accustomed to wonders, and when they become familiar cease to marvel. The discoveries in electricity, in biology, or in astronomy, are facts which the non-scientific reader accepts as a matter of course, while at the same time he will perhaps object to the conceptions of the imaginative novelist as untrue to life. This is not just. In the spacious realms of romance there is room for "Gulliver," "Undine," and "Peter Wilkins," as well as for "Silas Marner" and "Vanity Fair." If the "Scarlet Letter" has an irresistible attraction we are not disqualified by reading it from taking the keenest delight in Jane Austen's "Emma," or in Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford." In very amiable moments we have even found a pleasure in the novels of Mr. Henry James.

All honour, then, to the art of the novelist, which, like that of the painter and poet, gives variety and zest to life. And, in the hands of a great master, it does more than this. No one can read Scott, for example, without having both heart and intellect healthily stimulated. He gives us not only what is in the highest degree beautiful, but also what is full of humanity; and all his pages are marked by that fine sympathy with human frailties which never palliates vice. Carlyle made several blunders in criticism—notably in his estimate of Charles Lamb; but he never made a more amazing blunder than in his judgment of Sir Walter, as a writer whose works have no other aims than that "of harmlessly amusing indolent, languid men." The "Waverley Novels," in Carlyle's judgment, are "not profitable for building up or elevating in any shape! The sick heart will find no healing here, the darkling, struggling heart no guidance: the heroic that is in all men no Divine awakening voice." And then he adds:—"What, then, is the result of these 'Waverley' romances? Are they to amuse one generation only? One or more! As many generations as they can, but not all generations! Ah, no! when our swallow-tail has become fantastic as trunk-hose, they will cease to amuse." We must quote one more remark of Carlyle's, and shall then have a word or two to say in reply. After noticing the ease with which Scott wrote, he adds that, in the way of writing, "no great thing was ever, or will ever be, done with ease, but with difficulty."

Take this last remark first. True in a general sense, it is not true when applied to Scott, who had spent years and years in storing up knowledge and in gaining experience of life before he took up the pen of a romance writer. And now, as to what Carlyle deems lacking in the well-beloved "Waverleys." Literature has such a variety of uses that it is unjust to say of any works that they do not achieve what the author never intended. In every work, says Pope, regard the writer's end. It is not the purpose of the novelist to teach theology, philosophy, or logic, any more than it is the direct purpose of the poet. There is nothing profitable for building-up, nor will the sick heart find healing in "Twelfth Night" or "L'Allegro," in "Don Quixote" or even in Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations," and yet are these great works of genius none the less valued. Grant that Scott wrote to amuse readers, just as Shakespeare wrote to amuse theatre-goers, it does not follow that amusement is all we gain from the novels or the plays. Indirectly Scott, after his degree, is, like the greatest of poets, a wise teacher, full of humanity, of sympathy, of pity for sorrow, of respect for the poor. He has looked at nature and life poetically—which means truly—and has made his "land of the mountain and the flood" dear to the whole civilised world. Despite Carlyle, we can give to Scott honour and love without stint, so high in tone is all he wrote. Never did the late Dean Stanley say a truer word than when he praised "the far-seeing toleration, the profound reverence, the critical insight into the various shades of religious thought and feeling . . . the lofty sense of Christian honour, purity, and justice that breathe through every volume of the romances of Walter Scott."

A few words in conclusion. If novel reading may prove an exhilarating enjoyment, in too many cases it becomes the idlest and most enervating of pursuits. There is a temptation in the present day to neglect all other literature for the novel, and there is among ordinary readers the weakness of discrimination that rejects nothing, however feeble, in the shape of a story. The veriest trash is too often printed, and, worse still, some of the vilest of French fictions are reproduced in an English dress. A novel which contains nothing that is pure and honourable, and represents with minute particularity everything that is gross and shameless, may be naturalistic, but it exhibits an aspect of human nature which all high-minded persons turn from with disgust.

The post of Governor of Portland Convict Prison has been conferred upon Captain Dawson, hitherto Governor at Borstal Prison.

Lord Londonderry has proposed to sell to his tenants the whole of his County Down Estate, at twenty years' purchase, at the 20 per cent reduced rent, which is equal to sixteen years' purchase at the old rent. His Excellency proposes to take the 20 per cent reduction which he offered for this year as the basis of purchase. The town parks are included.

A LAMPLIGHTER'S STORY.

The *Bridgewater Mercury* furnishes the following interesting facts:—John Manley, of Bridgewater, is a happy man. His good fortune deserves to be made public. Having lived among us all his life, and held the position of lamplighter for over twenty-nine years, his name and face are familiar to everybody in Bridgewater. He is liked by all, and it is safe to say one may go here, there, or yonder, and whether he meets this, that, or the other person, anywhere within the limits of our town, he will be sure to find a well-wisher of John Manley. While his life has, generally speaking, been an uneventful one, he has, nevertheless, during those twenty-nine years, met with some strange experiences. In nightly furnishing light for us all, as it were, he has weathered many a storm and wintry blast. The cause of his present rejoicing is best explained by quoting his own words, and we will only add that, being familiar with the facts of the case, we gladly make public the statement, which is as follows:—"Ever since I first got my appointment from the gas company, in 1857, I have made it a rule to let nothing interfere with my duties, and for seventeen years I scarcely missed a day. I was proud of my record, and resolved not to spoil it; but one night, just twelve years ago, I was obliged to get a substitute or let the people of Bridgewater wander about in darkness. Having been exposed to a spell of very bad weather, I was stricken down with a terrible attack of rheumatism which completely disabled me, so that for weeks I could not move my arms nor do my work. Although I used everything that was recommended to me to get rid of this ailment, I have ever since been a martyr to it, and for weeks at a time have been unable to attend to my duties. In those twelve years I endured more suffering than words can express, and I began to regard my case as chronic and altogether hopeless. When I was recently taken down again by a fearful attack of my old enemy—rheumatism—and one of our lady citizens sent me part of a bottle of a remedy which she said was a dead shot for that fearful disease, as she had found out from personal experience, I felt it hardly worth while trying the article. I was persuaded, however, to make a few applications, and, to my astonishment and delight, the pains and swelling not only left me, but I have been free from them ever since, and able to do my work as well as ever I could in my life. I have not felt as well in twelve years, and I do not mind saying that I, and all those who know of my frequent disabled condition, regard St. Jacobs Oil, which is the thing that I used, as the best remedy in the world. It made me happy, and I know of several who have used it since I tried it, and all have found it wonderfully effective in driving away pain. I am so delighted with the good it did me that I shall never cease to speak well of it." Our reporter, desirous of ascertaining whether others had experienced like results from the use of this medical discovery, about which so much is now being said and written, called upon Mr. W. Hickman, the well-known chemist and wholesale druggist, Eastover, Bridgewater, and questioned him on the subject. Mr. Hickman stated that while it was contrary to his custom to give his opinion on such matters for publication, he would cheerfully make an exception in this case. Such a large


number of very remarkable cures by St. Jacobs Oil had come to his immediate notice that he regarded it as a duty to the public to express his confidence in the efficacy of the article. Among other cases he referred to that of the wife of a well-known surgeon, whose experience with the Oil was so satisfactory that she could scarcely sound its praises too loudly. Its wonderful pain-curing properties and decided power to relieve and cure rheumatism, had, Mr. Hickman said, rendered it amazingly popular among our people, and several residents of Bridgewater had handed him testimonials with the request that he would forward them to the proprietors. A friend of mine, recently returned from Australia, says that his son has expended more than £700 in his endeavour to obtain relief from severe rheumatic pains; but derived more benefit from the contents of one 2s. 6d. bottle of St. Jacobs Oil than from all other sources combined.

The *Whitehall Review* contains the following, relative to a discovery which is just now causing considerable stir throughout Great Britain:—It has been made the subject of considerable comment and investigation on the part of various newspapers. A representative of this Journal was commissioned to investigate its merits by personal interview with the parties who could speak from actual experience. From the results as given below it may well be claimed that the general adoption of this remarkable agent will cause a revolution in certain quarters. "The first gentleman interviewed was Mr. William Howes, the well-known civil engineer, No. 68, Red Lion-street, High Holborn, London. Mr. Howes stated that for over twenty years he had been constantly and severely afflicted with rheumatism. At times his hands had been swollen to twice their natural size. Again, his joints became so stiff and painful that he could not walk, and his feet so sore that he could not bear his weight on them. He had at different times tried physicians, and many remedies which had been recommended to him as a cure for his complaints. But he derived no benefit whatever. An acquaintance, who had himself been cured of a severe rheumatic trouble, gave him a bottle of this new discovery, which he applied once with such unexpected and marked benefit that he procured another, which, to use his own language, 'settled the business,' by removing the pain which he had not been free from for twenty years. Mr. Howes said that had he not used St. Jacobs Oil he would now be in bed instead of attending to his business. He added, 'Its effects were simply magical. It produced a complete cure. I will also add that numerous friends and acquaintances, suffering from rheumatic and neuralgic affections, to whom I recommended the Oil, speak of it as wonderful. It seems to effect a cure in every case.'

"It may be added that in its current number the *Magazine of Pharmacy, Chemistry, and Medicine* devotes considerable space to a discussion of the extraordinary power of St. Jacobs Oil, and cites some astonishing cures. It appears, also, that this remedy received no less than six Gold Medals during the past year at the International and other Expositions. One of these was awarded at Calcutta, another at the great Southern Exposition in the United States. Judging from the foregoing, St. Jacobs Oil will prove of incalculable value to the army of sufferers from such diseases as those enumerated, and the public will be indebted to the press for calling attention to its efficacy."

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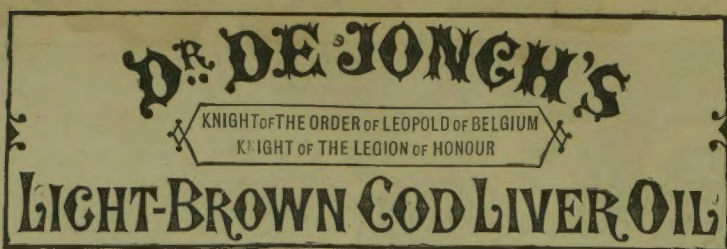
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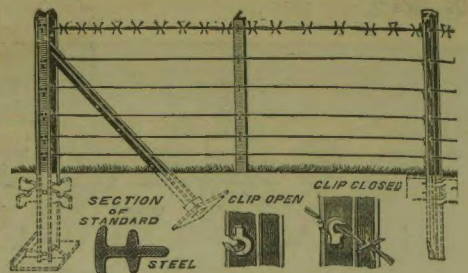
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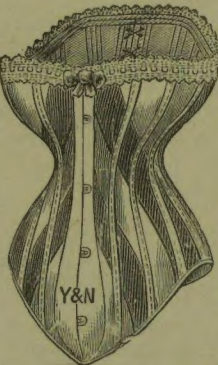
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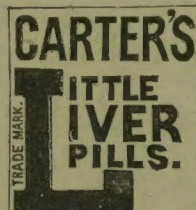
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